

GOKULAM

SEPTEMBER '91

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Vol. IV, No. 3

Of all created things, the loveliest
And most divine, are children.

— William Canton.

September '91

Dear children,

*How we love going to places! Whether it is to the
park in the neighbourhood, or a holiday in the hills
each is a different experience, and
a different kind of travel.*

*Remember the travels of the 'Ugly Duckling' — or how the
'Half-Chick' hopped his way to Madrid?*

*Their experiences were published in the May and
June issues of **Gokulam**. Both birds learnt something
— a better knowledge of the world.*

The more we see of the world, the more our world widens.

*So hurrah for James Watt, the Wright Brothers and others, who
opened up the world for us, and spread it out so that we could chart
many routes on it.*

Love,

A stylized, handwritten signature of the editor, appearing to read 'Sajid'.

Editor.



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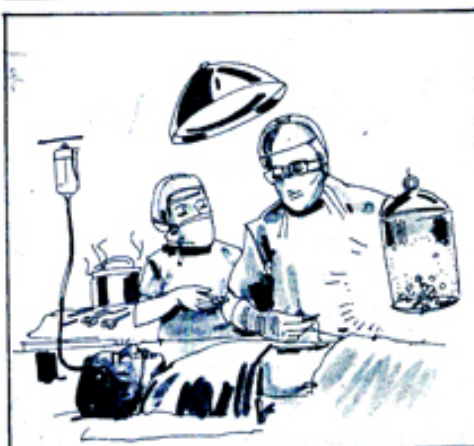
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Cover Illustration : JAYARAJ

THE LETTER BOX



Dear Editor,

Her eyes are red. Her dress is dirty and tattered. She is bleeding. Yet there is no one to bandage her wounds. There was a time when her children heard her cries and freed her from the chains which bound her. But her arms were cut off before she could embrace them and smile. She has not recovered from those wounds yet, and now, they are trying to cut her to pieces. The necklace of precious stones which once adorned her neck, is now trying to strangle her; the stones are becoming thorns.

Yes. She is our country. India. The different religions and cultures which once adorned her are now trying to kill her. Pakistan and Bangladesh are gone, but Punjab, Kashmir and Assam are still part of her. Can she survive without them?

Why do they try to cut her up? They fight elections on the basis of religion. For how long can this go on? How can a child run away from its own mother? We should not allow this to happen, Gokulam readers. Let us do something. Make the older generation understand that they should leave us a

rich legacy, as their forefathers left to them.

C.S. Prashanth,
Bangalore - 560 085.

Dear Editor,

I am a student of Central School studying in the VIII standard. I am a regular reader of 'Gokulam' and like it very much.



Sometimes, I sit down and think - is education a race for marks? Is it not for the purpose of making us good, lovable and understanding human beings? Then why do elders keep on telling us, "Go and study! - you have to come first in class!"?

Rajat Kohli,
Bombay - 94.





Do you think what Rajat says is right? Why do you think you go to school? Do you like it? We would like you to give us your opinion. Ed.

Dear Editor,

Of all the countries in this world, India represents a good example of 'Unity In Diversity'.

Indeed! Look at the vast differences in the faces, clothes, colours, lan-



guages, fashions and the life-styles between the Pathans of Kashmir and Tamilians of Tamilnadu. Still, for-



eigners are astonished to find great Indian personalities, their reaction to the problems of life, and their basic Indian-ness all strikingly similar!

India is very proud of the above fact. India is my land — "A country of good and true people." That is the India of my dreams.

**Priya Viswanathan, aged 15,
Bangalore - 560 071.**

Dear Editor,

I like the contents of 'Gokulam' very much. As S. Srikrishna said in 'The Letter Box' (June '91 issue), why don't you hold more contests?

**V. Bhuvaneshwari, aged 10,
Ambasamudram - 627 401.**

Dear Editor,

You can make 'Colour and Keep' into a colouring contest....

**Ravi Shankar, aged 10,
Karthik K., aged 9,
Bombay.**

Dear readers,

This month, Gokulam presents you with a special poster for the monsoons which will look colourful on your wall.

We have illustrated this poster based on a poem sent by a reader.

Prise open the pins that hcl'd the pages, remove the poster and press the pins back into place once more.

Editor.



THE U.F.O.

Yawn! It was close to midnight, and we were sleepy. We had been studying since the evening for our exams, which were just round the corner. We could not afford to sleep as yet.

To refresh ourselves, we walked out to the balcony into the open air.

We were pacing up and down, when suddenly we spotted an object shining brightly in the backyard of a hotel which we could see from our balcony. At first we thought it was a mere piece of glass.... But then we noticed that it shone only when there was a gust of wind. Something on the object rose and fell along with the wind, giving out a greenish glow. We stared at it in fascination. In the eerie stillness of the dark night, the object, small and rectangular, glowed like a signal.

A signal!

Could it be a U.F.O? Or a device that had fallen out of an alien spaceship, giving out the last dying signals?

We kept our eyes glued to it, waiting patiently for the aliens

to come and collect it. Time passed, and nothing happened.

Not finding us in our room, our uncle rushed out only to find us staring into the dark. We told him our secret, And he too joined us in our stare! "Could it be a precious stone?" he wondered.

When at last our patience had worn thin, we returned to our room..... It was 2.30 a.m.! We had stared at the alien object for nearly two hours! We fell asleep, after deciding to look for it the first thing in the morning.

The next morning, however, we forgot all about it.

It was only after breakfast, that we remembered. We rushed out to the balcony. The object had gone! Could the aliens have taken it away?

"Or it could still be there!" I said.

We concentrated on searching for the object — and there it was!

A tin sitting on a green polythene bag!

So was that our alien object? A polythene bag blown up and down by the wind?

We looked at each other and burst into laughter.

**Ghazala Nasreen, aged 15,
Raichur - 584 101.**



TRAVEL INTO *WONDERLAND!*

How **LEWIS CARROLL** wrote his book.

On July 4, 1865, a little girl made her *debut* in the world of books. Her name?

ALICE, of course!

The man who created her, Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, was as shy and sweet-natured as Alice herself. When he wrote 'Alice in Wonderland' he did not think that he had written anything wonderful. Even after it became a world classic, fame made little difference to him.

He was a mathematics teacher in Christ Church Col-

lege, Oxford, England. People who knew this quiet, reserved man did not know of his wonderful art of writing.

Even as a child, Dodgson loved to invent new games and tricks. As a teacher, he found teaching mathematics a 'thankless' job and wished

"To be once more a little child

For one bright summer day!"

So to escape from his boredom, he wrote humorous verses under the name Lewis Carroll. This is actually the Latin translation of Charles Lutwidge spelt in the reverse order!

Dodgson spoke with a stammer. This, along with his shyness, made him turn to the world of children. And that's how he made friends with Lorina, Alice and Edith, the three daughters of Dr. Henry Liddell.

Of the three, eight-year-old Alice loved to hear stories that



Dodgson would invent and tell.

On the fourth day of July, 1862, Dodgson and the children went out on a boat-picnic with their friends. And he began telling them the story of Alice's adventures in 'Wonderland'. When somebody asked him, Dodgson replied:

"I am inventing as we go along."

This great fairy tale would have been lost to the world if not Alice had pleaded, "Oh, Mr. Dodgson! I wish you would write out Alice's adventures for me!"

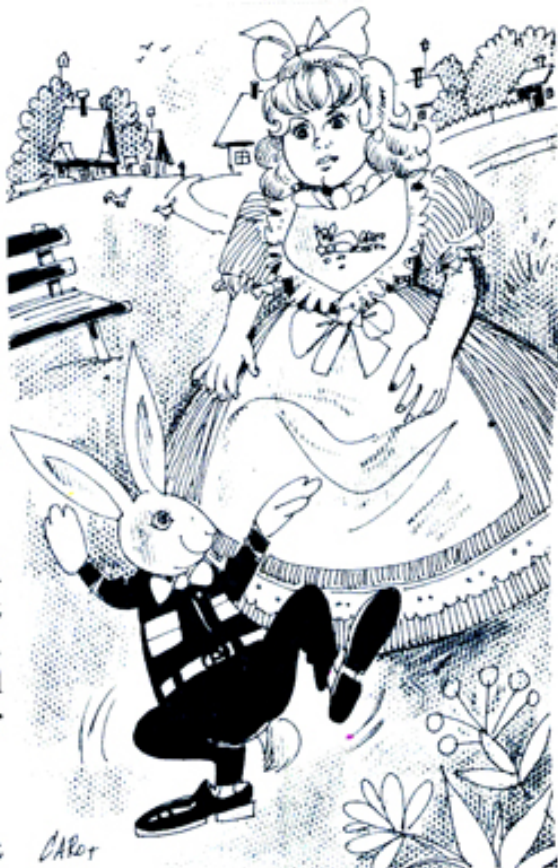
So, Dodgson sat up that whole night wrote the story and illustrated it himself. He called it 'A Christmas Gift to a Dear Child in Memory of a Summer's Day', and planned to present it to Alice as a Christmas gift.

But his friends thought that he should publish it to delight other children like Alice.

So on 4th July 1865, exactly three years after that wonderful summer's day, 'Alice in Wonderland' was published with illustrations by John Tenniel, a famous artist of those days.

About 180,000 copies of the book were sold in England alone before Dodgson passed away in 1898 at the age of 65.

Except for the Bible, 'Alice



in Wonderland' has had more translations into other languages than any other book.

In 1932, during his birth centenary, a Lewis Carroll Ward was put up at St. Mary's Hospital, England. From the 26 cots in the ward, children could see life-like pictures of the characters from 'Alice in Wonderland'.

This, if the author had been there to see it, would have touched his heart. For his Alice who travelled into 'Wonderland' will belong to a child's fantasy world forever.

J. RADHAKRISHNAN

THE SECRET

SERIAL

OF THE POND

The story so far.....

One summer afternoon, Grandma tells Pramod, Prahlad, Shruti and Sandhya of the legend of a pond in a grove in their farm. This grove had been out-of-bounds to them when they were younger. Local people are frightened that if they enter the grove a mysterious disease might strike them down.

Pramod investigates and finds out that the pond on the farm could be the missing pond in the legend. Meanwhile, the other three discover a marble slab with writing on it inside the grove.

The next day, two boys Raghu and Kannu, the sons of farmhands, are missing. Raghu is found asleep near the entrance to the grove, and he describes seeing ghostly lights inside. Kannu is seen running out of the grove that evening in a frightened manner.

The four take a good look at Grandpa's old cupboard later in the evening. And they discover a golden crown along with a bunch of papers which appear to be Grandpa's grandfather's diary. Now read on in Sandhya's words....

PART V

"I have discovered the secret of the pond," wrote Grandpa's grandfather. "But it is of no use to me now. So I shall tell you how I found it.

"I am seventy years old. My wife's dead, and my son is dying of some mysterious ailment. You, my grandchildren, will be my heirs, so the family treasure should be yours."

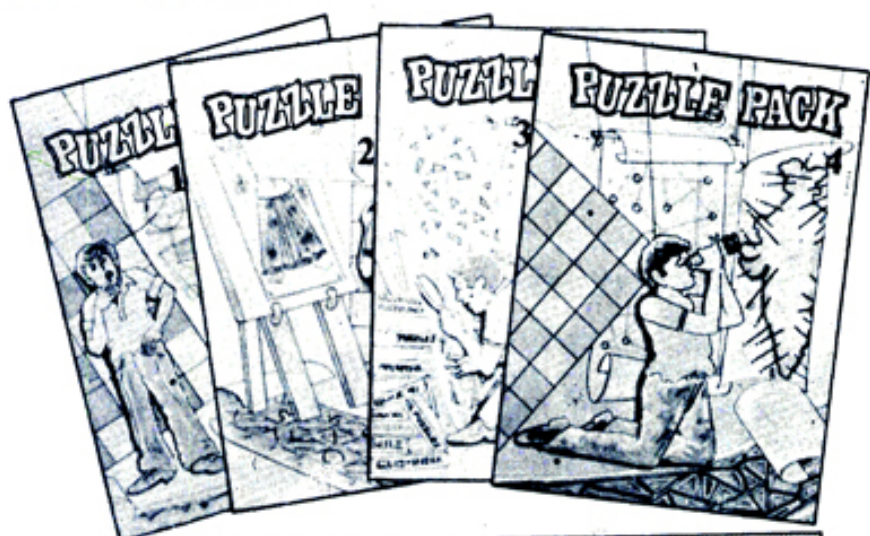
"One day, I was walking alone at night around the farm when I saw strange lights inside the grove," read out Grandpa from the diary.

"Strange lights!" I gasped. "That's what Raghu...."

"Shh!" said everybody including Grandma.

"I wanted to see who it was who dared enter the accursed grove. Just as I entered it, the

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lights disappeared. Still, I continued to search, with my lantern to light my way, and my trusty dagger at my waist.

"I searched and searched. I could see nothing. No one. No lights, and heard not a sound except the gentle swishing of the winds through the trees."

"Your grandpa sure knows how to keep us in suspense!" exclaimed Pramod impatiently.

"Ssh!"

"Shut up!"

Grandpa continued to read out aloud.

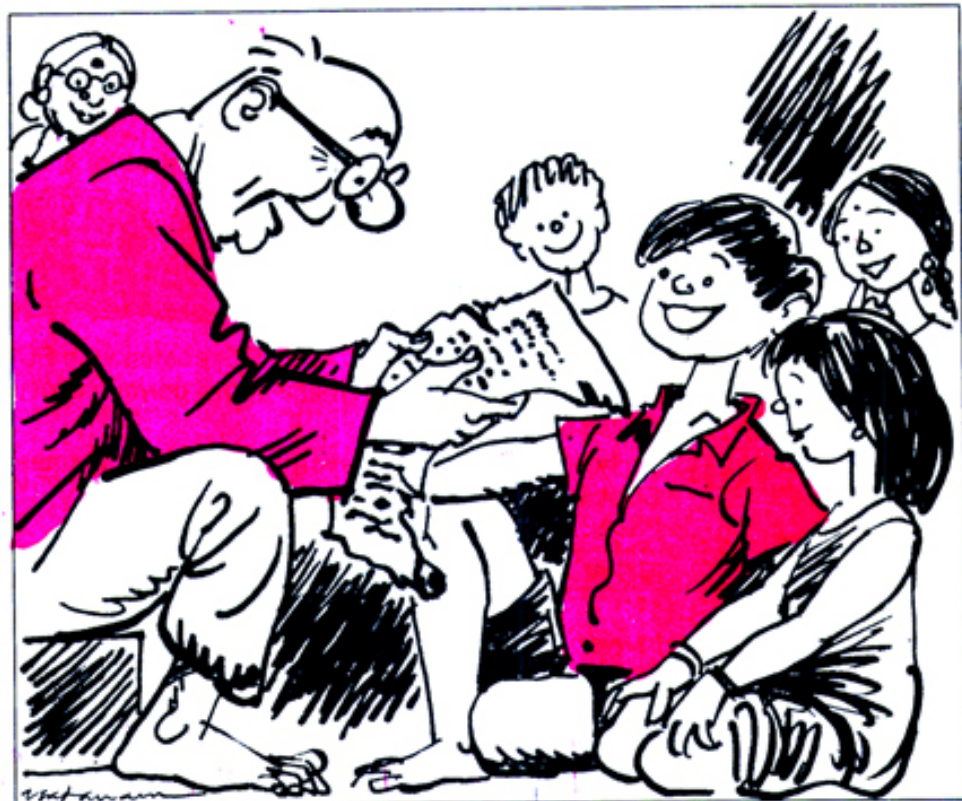
"Just as I gave up my search, I saw the lights again. They looked like two

lanterns swaying about five feet above the ground near the banyan tree."

"Near the banyan tree!" exclaimed Prahlad and we all looked at each other. What was to come next?

"Slowly, I advanced closer, leaving my lantern where I stood. I reached the spot making my way through numerous trunks to where the lights came from. They were two lanterns suspended by ropes, from somewhere up among the thick branches of the tree. I realized that I stood before the main trunk of the tree."

We looked at each other amazed. None of us had noticed that that huge tree was the



main trunk of the banyan. The other 'trees' around it were actually the thick hanging creepers of that tree that had

amazed. It looked like a cottage! I saw an open door leading into a room, to my right. I looked about and cautiously entered it.



taken root over the years forming a huge network.

"What fools we are!" cried Pramod. "Of course, remember the thick creepers that hung from the branches?"

"What are you talking about?" asked Grandma.

"Tell you later," said Pramod.

"Before my very eyes, both lanterns were slowly being pulled up into the branches. There was someone up there. So I climbed the tree as fast as I could. Not an easy task for a man of my age!

"I reached a flat surface like a floor between the branches. It was lit by a lantern. I was

By the light of a lantern, an old man was carefully making his bed to go to sleep!

"He was a stooping old man. The oldest I have ever seen in my life! He turned at that moment, saw me, and gave a start. Then picking up the lantern from its corner, he came close to me and looked at me carefully in the face. My hand was on my knife-handle.

"Heh, heh!" cackled the old man. "The heir has found me at last!"

"Heir, what heir?" I asked, amazed.

"The heir to the vast fortune I guard; what Krishna left behind, and what the Prince left to

his heirs! Now you are here! Heh! Heh!" he cackled more loudly.

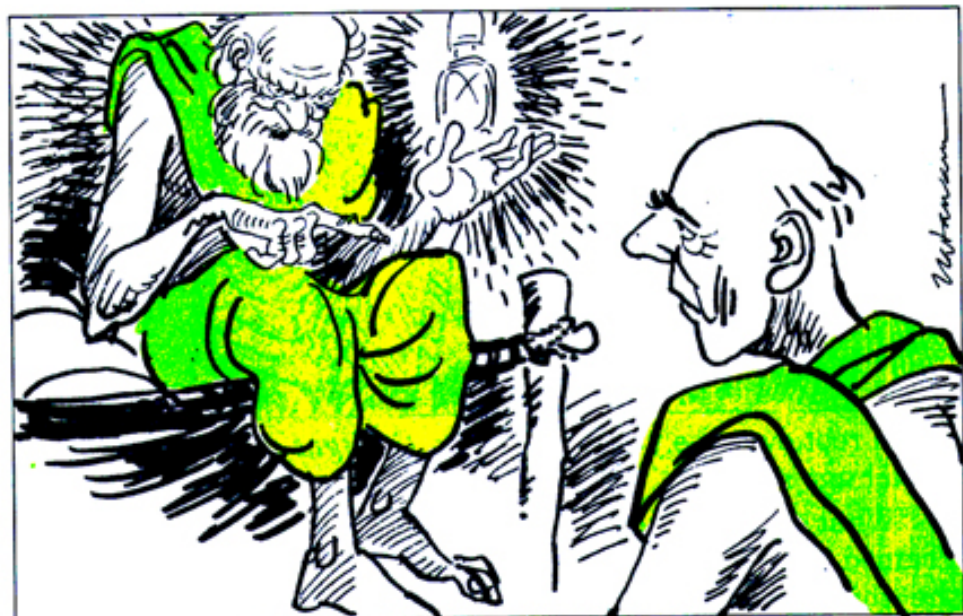
"How do you know I am the heir?" I asked, for I realized that he referred to the legend in our family.

"The eyes! The nose! It's the same!"

his sons, Nanda began to guard the treasure on his own. Being faithful, he did not take it, but used to say,

"Let the heirs to the fortune find it themselves!"

"Thus, the secret remained undiscovered — but Nanda passed it to his son....



"He told me his whole story. Krishna, before dying, had created an underground stone chamber, filled it with the treasure, and covered it with a stone slab. Beside it, he had planted a banyan sapling. The treasure chamber lay in a shallow area which became a small pond during the monsoon.

"Nanda was a faithful and loyal servant to the prince. He knew the secret, and as the Prince died without telling it to

"This old man was Nanda's great-great-great.... grandson, but he has no family, no children. So he built himself a cottage on the banyan (which had grown huge over the centuries).

"He often visited the village, and left lanterns hanging to help him return to the right spot, for his eye-sight was no longer good. The pond was now no more a pond because weather and time had levelled the land.

"So the story's true," I murmured.

"Of course it is true!" cried the old man, gasping indignantly. "Now I can die in peace, since you know about it."

"Is there really treasure?" I asked him.

"Wait!" he said, and went to a little wooden trunk in a corner. "Look!" He showed me a crown of gold - with an insignia on it.

"This is the mark of your ancestors' original dynasty," he said.

"I returned to the house bearing the secret and the crown. You, my grandchildren were away on a visit to your other grandparents with my son and his wife.

"Times are not safe. Bandits loot the village, and hold it to ransom. If the crown were seen.... if I were killed tonight.... what would happen to our family treasure? Will it be of no use to anybody forever?

"So I write this and shall keep it in the secret compartment in my old cupboard.

"God bless you, my grandchildren, and may you be happy."

The diary ended.

"I remember," said Grandpa softly. "My father died on our visit, and it was a month before we saw grandfather again. By that time, he too was dying, and said nothing to us."

"Raghu told us about the lights," said Shruti.

We told an amazed Grandpa and Grandma the whole story.

"Do you think that old man is still alive?" I asked.

"Impossible!" said Grandpa. "Somebody else has found the cottage, and maybe he knows of the treasure too!"

This electrified us! Who else knew of our family secret? How?

Suddenly, Pramod said, "I was wrong about our pond! It wasn't the pond in the legend after all!"

**To be concluded.
SANDHYA RAMAN**

Ramu : Do you break toys?

Shyamu : No.

Ramu : Do you beat others?

Shyamu : No.

Ramu : So you have no bad habits?

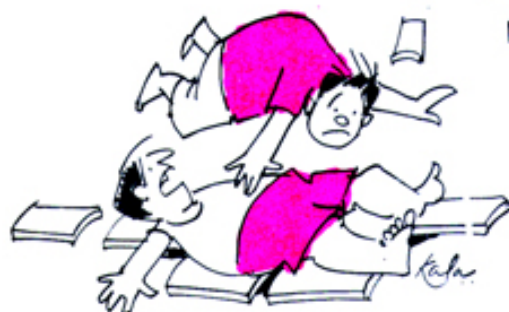
Shyamu : I have one. I tell lies!

**Priya R. Iyer, aged 9,
Ahmedabad - 380 006.**





A WISE VERDICT

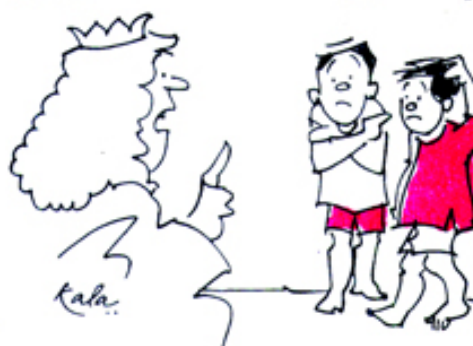


"You claim that the slater murdered your relative," he said. "Very well, listen to my sentence. Decide among yourselves which one among you is

In the early days, about 1300 A.D., in the town of Sneek, there lived a judge who was known far and wide as Judge Solomon of Sneek.

One stormy day, a heavy gust of wind tore some slate tiles off the roof of the beautiful new town hall. They fell on the street, damaging the pavement that had recently been laid. The city officials immediately summoned a slater and a pavement-mender. Both went to work at once. Just as the slater had finished the job, he slipped and fell off the roof right on top of the poor pavement-mender, who died on the spot. The slater escaped without injuries.

He was dragged into court and accused of murder. The family of the pavement-mender wanted the slater to be hanged as he had killed a man. Judge Solomon shook his wise head.

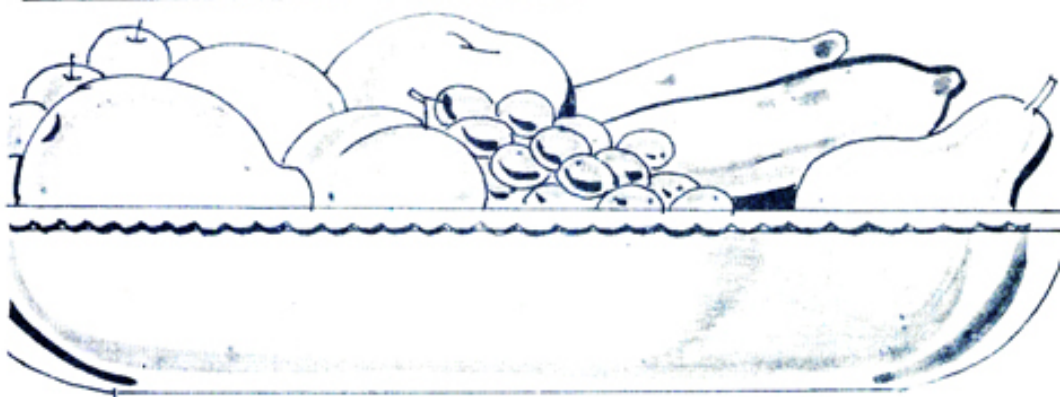


to climb on to the roof of the town hall. The slater, meanwhile, will sit on the street on the exact spot where the pavement-mender died. The man above is then to fall off the roof and fall right on top of the slater, killing him immediately, being careful not to injure himself. This is justice. I have spoken."

The shame-faced family went away without answering the judge. The slater led a long, happy life in the beautiful town of Sneek.

C. RAJAPPAH.

FRUIT BOWL



Nine fruits are hidden in this bowl.
Can you find them?

G	W	B	A	N	A	N	A	M	C
O	A	M	A	N	G	O	M	H	O
B	T	G	Q	S	D	M	E	I	O
T	E	U	S	D	S	R	I	E	D
U	R	A	Y	O	R	A	N	G	E
N	M	V	L	Y	E	R	Q	O	E
O	E	A	S	Z	E	L	O	M	P
C	L	O	C	G	R	A	P	E	S
O	O	S	P	O	S	E	Q	P	R
C	N	D	G	P	A	P	A	Y	A

K. Radha and G.V. Sivakumar, aged 12,
and G. Prabhakar, aged 10,
Madras - 600 036.

Solution on page 54

Travel and Trade

The invention of ships, and later, aircraft, have helped trade between countries. Now countries could exchange goods for money or kind.

Along with goods, people too travelled. Labourers, skilled artisans and businessmen began to travel to places where they would be paid higher, or their profits would increase. This is what is called *migration*.

Sometimes people were forced to *migrate*, for many reasons—political, religious or social. Like the *migration* of Protestants from Catholic countries to Britain in the 16-17th centuries. Or the Puritans known as the 'Pilgrim Fathers' who *migrated* to America from Britain and settled there. (Thus began the *migration* to America.)

Other examples are the *migration* of Jews from Germany during World War II, and closer home, during our own

Partition in 1947

This *emigration* of people who are the work-force in an economy affects it in a big way.

This is because for an economy to grow, it needs *labour* (people to work). If there is not enough *labour*, then there is a high *demand* for workers. Thus, more money has to be paid to get your work done, and *labour* becomes expensive.

Travel helps trade not only for exchange of goods, or manpower, but also when people simply visit a country. This is what is called *tourism* today, and because of the money it brings into our country, it is now considered an *industry*.

Tourism grew rapidly after World War II. People had bigger incomes, a lot of time and the idea of 'package holidays' was becoming popular.

As more and more people began to travel, airlines, shipping and railways had to be expanded to meet the higher demand for them. Hotels were built, and cottage industries and handicrafts were expanded. This is because the *tourists* loved to buy what is called 'souvenirs' of their visit to the country. This created more and more jobs in areas which were related to *tourism* alone.

Tourism brings money into the country. That is why the government places so much importance on it. India has so many natural and cultural places that attract *tourists* — and these places have to be maintained if they are to remain attractive.

Kashmir was one of the most important *tourist* spots in our country, and attracted the most number of *tourists* to India. Today, because of the problem of militants, the *tourism industry* there has closed. This is a big blow to *Indian Tourism*, and its earnings.

To be continued.



LET ME THINK.....



I know there
are so many
things in
this world.....

Like how happy we are building mountains of sand
on the beach. *



How fascinating
is the train
that goes
chug-chug!



There are other things.....
I know there are too many of us in this country.....





Too many heavy things to shoulder.....

And a lot of sadness too.



But there are little things, happy things to look forward to.



A THOUGHT IN TIME

"Pencil box! Nice new pencil box for sale! One rupee a box!"

The old man with the long white beard had been shouting the words all day long. And so far, not one had been sold.

Bharat looked at the old man, wanting to help him. He did not know what to do.

"And which castle are you planning to conquer today?" asked a mocking voice behind him.

Bharat turned and smiled at Jaggu, the genius of the school. Jaggu was not only famous for his quick wit, but also his ability to solve problems practically and easily.

"Not a castle, dear Jaggu!" replied Bharat. "That poor old man. He has not even sold one pencil box today!"

"Elementary, dear Bharat!" laughed Jaggu. "He does not know marketing, nor business!"

"Shall we... I mean will you help him?" asked Bharat eagerly.

Jaggu looked thoughtful. "Tomorrow's our class test, isn't it?"

Bharat nodded.

"Come on!" cried Jaggu, and both approached the old man.

"Hallo, thatha*!" said Bharat.

"Do you want to buy a box?" asked the old man eagerly.

"No, no!" replied Jaggu bluntly.

The old man sighed, and his shoulders drooped.

"Tomorrow I must pay for medicine...." he muttered. "What shall I do...."

"Don't worry, thatha," said Jaggu. "Would you mind accepting our help?"

The old man looked surprised, and nodded.

"Then come with us!" cried Jaggu.

The old man meekly followed them to a store from where petty vendors often bought things.

"What do you want, boys?" asked the shop-keeper.

"We have a score of pencil boxes," said Jaggu. "We want a reasonable price for them. All we want in exchange are white and ruled sheets of paper."

The shopkeeper pondered for a moment.

"If you help us now," added Jaggu. "We'll bring more busi-

ness your way."

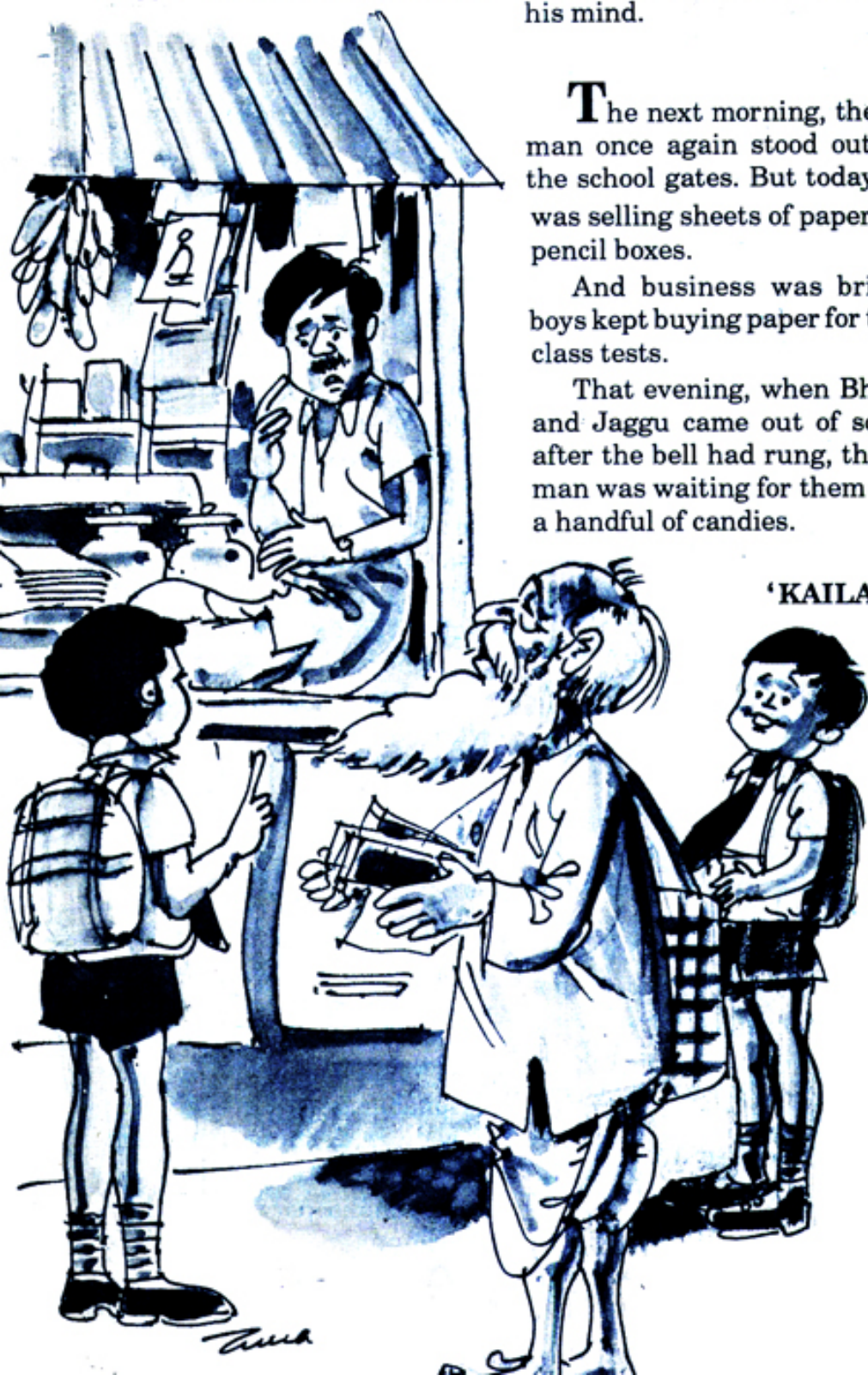
The shop-keeper made up his mind.

The next morning, the old man once again stood outside the school gates. But today, he was selling sheets of paper, not pencil boxes.

And business was brisk—boys kept buying paper for their class tests.

That evening, when Bharat and Jaggu came out of school after the bell had rung, the old man was waiting for them with a handful of candies.

'KAILASH'



Little Sundar

Once there lived a boy
called Sundar,
Who would do nothing
but wander!
And when he committed
a blunder,
Would remain as cool
as cucumber.

He would go with his
friend, cycling,
With his cycle-bell ringing,
cling-cling.
Back home he would ring
the calling bell,
Which sounded
ting-tong-ting!

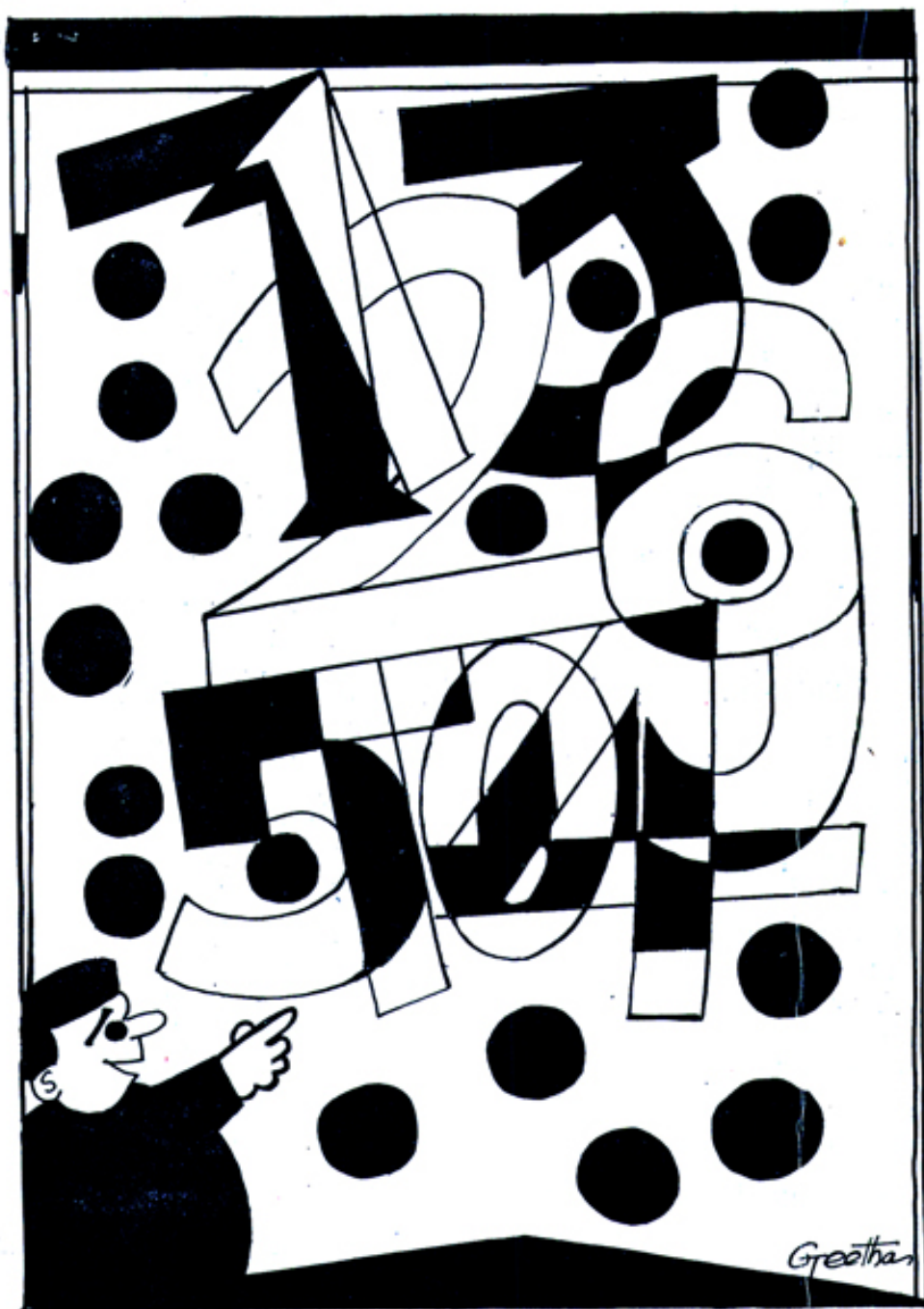
One night he got up
in the dark,
And heard the
dogs bark!
Frightened, he began
to weep
But soon, he fell asleep.

**P. Priya, aged 11,
Bangalore - 560 013.**



MISSING NUMBER!

Nine numbers from 1 - 10 are hidden in the picture. Can you find the missing number?



Answer on Page 80

LOST!

Shruti was bored to death by the conversation of the grown-ups as they walked through the greenery. She had come with her sister for a trek in Uperamedu.

They had a bath in a lovely pool where the water was refreshingly cool, and were returning to the camp-site. The nine-year-old girl soon left her sister and her friends far behind her and walked on steadily, lost in her own thoughts. Soon, the voices of the people behind her died away.

After a while Shruti stopped to rest. The landscape did not seem familiar. It would be dark in an hour's time. Shruti was somewhat alarmed and went through the maze of paths on the hill. Suddenly she knew that she was lost! She looked around her from the top of the hill, but there seemed no sign of life. She started placing stones as markers as she tried to find her way out of the forest.

Wolves began to howl. Shruti remembered that the way to the camp was through one of the side paths by which a

large tree stood. A stream too, had to be crossed. If only she could spot the stream, she would be in the camp-site in no time!

She made her way downhill as the sky began to darken. Suddenly she heard the gurgling of water and turned right, and there was the huge tree! She waded through the stream as the wind began howling through the forest.

Back in the camp, Shruti was given a good scolding for wandering off on her own. Night fell. They had their food sitting around the camp-fire and exchanging ghost stories. Shruti gazed at the stars and thought of her frightening experience that had taught her a lesson.

**Story and illustration by
Shreya Raman, aged 10,
Madras - 600 034.**



WORD PLAY

ANAGRAM TEASERS!

An Anagram is a word formed by re-arranging the letters of another word.

For example, FILE can be re-arranged to form LIFE.

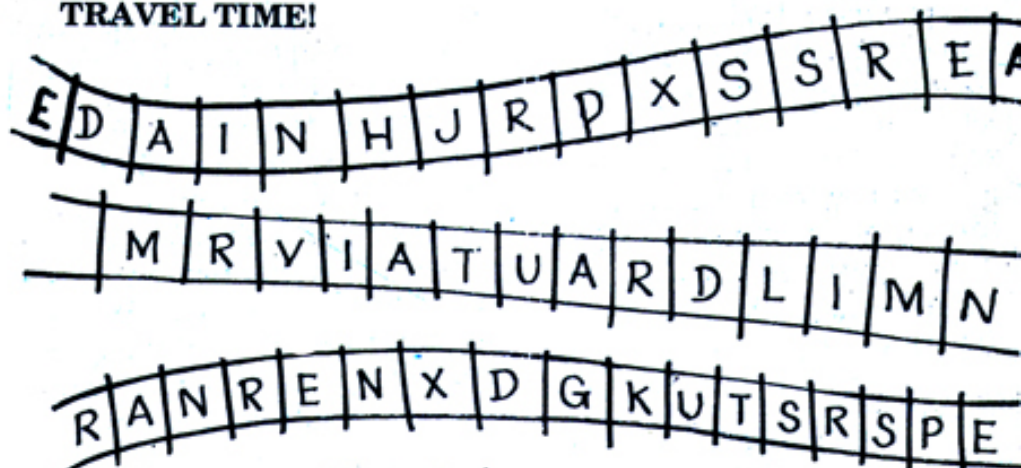
Find anagrams for each of the words given below with the help of clues given alongside.

1. SAVE - Vessel to hold cut flowers.
2. SORE - A fragrant flower.
3. LAST - Essential for food preparation.
4. LOSE - Under-surface of a foot.
5. LIVE - Opposite of good.
6. MEAT - A set of people working together.
7. RARE - The back part of something.
8. ABLE - A large package of goods.
9. STAIR - Indian musical instrument.
10. STATE - A sensation caused in the tongue.

R. Vidya

Hyderabad - 500 042.

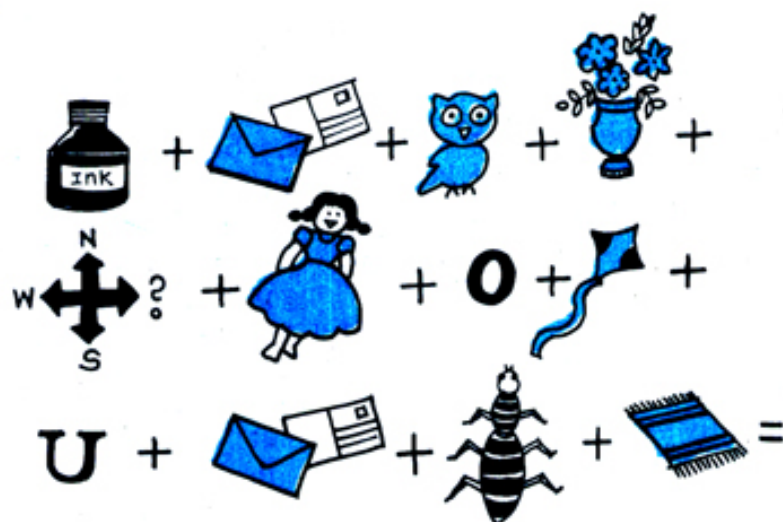
TRAVEL TIME!



The names of three trains run by the Indian Railways are hidden in the tracks above. Rearrange the letters and find them.

PICTURE MESSAGE

Smitha has sent 'Gokulam' readers a message through these pictures. Can you find out what she wants to tell you?



Smitha Bhattacharya, aged 12,
Kalpakam - 603 102.

MYSTERY MESSAGE

Anil has sent an urgent message to Ram. But Ram is unable to decipher it. Can you help him?

4617352

4213 - north 12 east turn

53142 - the house in haunted hidden

4352716 - a tree in hollow the chest contains

3412 - deserted house the old

2751346 - instructions in for discovering are treasure which

15234 - ten from the door paces

32145 - old an reach oak tree

- J. Jayanthra, aged 14,
Coimbatore - 641 045

Answers on page 80

Once upon a time in a village in England, there lived a man who was very poor. The day a son was born to him, a fortune-teller came to his cottage and said, "Your son was born under a lucky star. In his eighteenth year, he will marry the king's daughter." Saying this, the fortune-teller quickly went away.

It so happened that on that very day, the king of the land was passing through that village in disguise. When he heard of the prophesy, he was not very pleased, for he did not want the son of a poor commoner to succeed him. So he went to the boy's parents and asked them if they would sell their son to him.

The poor man refused. The king said, "I'll give you three bags of gold for the boy. Give him to me." He continued to plead until the parents finally told him, "This is our only child. How can we give him away to you, stranger?"

The king realized that he would not get the child this way, and went away. At night, he stole into the poor man's cot-

tage, grabbed the boy from the blanket on which he lay and put him into a box. He then mounted his horse and rode away.

When he came to a stream, the king stopped. He put the box with the baby in it into a boat that was moored there. He then loosened the rope that tied the boat and let it float down the stream.

The box floated down the stream for miles and reached a mill. The miller saw the box and drew it towards the shore with a long pole. Inside, he found the pretty little boy who smiled as soon as as he saw him. He took the boy home.

"Wife!" he cried. "Look what I brought home."

His wife too was delighted, for they had no children.

Eighteen years passed. The king, on one of his travels, passed by the mill. He saw the handsome boy toiling away, and asked the miller, "Is he your son?"

"He is," replied the miller. "I found him in a box in the stream some eighteen years ago."

The king at once remem-

The Miller's Son



bered the boy he had set afloat in the same stream, and guessed that this was the very same boy.

"What a fine son you have!" he said. "I need to send an urgent message to the queen. Can you spare him?"

"As your Majesty pleases," answered the miller.

The king wrote a letter to the queen saying:

"As soon as the bearer of the letter arrives, let him be killed and immediately buried."

The young man set out with the letter, but lost his way. By evening, he did not know which way he was going and he came to a little cottage. He knocked on the door, and an old woman answered.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"What do you want?"

"I've lost my way," said the youth. "I have to deliver a letter to the queen. Can I stay here for the night?"

"This is the hide-out for a band of robbers," said the old woman. "You will be wise not to stay here, for they'll be back any moment."

But the lad was so tired that he laid his letter on a bench and fell asleep.

When the robbers returned home, and saw the strange young man, they asked the old woman who he was.

"He is carrying a letter to the queen," she said. "He has lost his way, and I've given him shelter for the night."

The robbers broke open the letter and read it.

"Why does the poor lad have to die?" wondered the leader of

the robbers. And he tore up the old letter and wrote a new one that said :

"As soon as the bearer of this letter arrives, marry him to our daughter."

The next morning, when the lad awoke, they gave him refreshment and showed him the right way to the king's palace.

As soon as the queen read the letter, she immediately made preparations for the marriage. Soon, the miller's son became the king's son-in-law.

When the king returned home and discovered what had happened, he was very angry.

"Only he is fit to be my son-in-law, who has travelled down into the under-world and brings me three golden hairs of the Giant King who lives there," he thundered.

"It can be done," replied the young man. "I'll go at once."

So he took leave of his wife

and began his journey to the under-world.

When he came to the gates of the first city he had to pass through, the guard stopped him and asked him what trade he followed and what he knew. "I know everything," said the young man.

"If you know everything," said the guard, "Tell us why the fountain at the centre of the city is dry and gives no water."

"Let me pass," said the youth "And on my way back I'll tell you."

The guard let him through and he journeyed on till he reached the gates of the second city.

"Halt!" cried the guard. "Who are you and what do you know?"

"I know everything," said the young man.

"Then tell us why the tree in our orchard which used to bear golden pears has stopped producing fruit."

"I'll tell you," replied the young man. "Let me pass, and on my way back you shall know the answer."

Thus he passed through the second city and travelled on. At last he reached a lake he had to cross. A ferryman was waiting there with his boat. As he rowed the youth across, the fer-





ryman asked him his trade and what he knew.

When the young man told him, the ferryman said, "Pray tell me why I am bound forever to ferry people to and fro across this lake?"

The lad promised to tell him on his return journey.

At last he passed into the under-world and reached the cave of the Giant King. An old lady sat in an easy chair inside the cave.

"Who are you?" she asked. "What do you want?"

The youth told her of his mission, and also of the questions he had to answer.

"You run a great risk," she said. "For he is very fond of eating human-beings, But I'll see what I can do."

Then she changed him into an ant and told him to hide in her apron.

Soon, dusk fell, and the Giant King returned home. He sniffed the air in the cave and said, "Who's here with you? I smell human flesh."

He went round the cave searching and searching, but in vain.

"See what you've done," scolded his grandmother. "I just now cleaned up the cave and you've messed it up again!"

So the Giant King gave up his search and fell asleep with

his head on his grandmother's lap.

As soon as he began to snore, she siezed one of his golden hairs and pulled it out.

"Oh!" he cried. "What have you done?"

"I dreamt that the fountain at the centre of the city has gone dry and gives no water. What can be the cause?" she asked.

"A toad sits on a stone under the fountain," said the Giant King. "If they kill him, water will flow again. Now let me sleep."

As soon as he fell asleep, the old woman pulled out another hair.

"Oh!" roared the giant. "Can't you let me sleep?"

"Don't be angry," she said. "I did it in my sleep. I dreamt that the golden pear tree in the orchard does not give even one fruit."

"Aha!" said the Giant King. "If only they knew that secret! At the root of the tree is a mouse gnawing away. If they were to kill him, the golden pears will fruit again."

Then once more, he fell asleep and began to snore.

The old woman pulled out the third golden hair, and the Giant King leapt up and cried, "How dare you do it again,

grandma. I'll have you roasted alive."

She once again calmed him down and said, "I dreamt of a ferryman who has to ferry passengers to and fro across the lake forever. How can he escape his fate?"

"That silly fellow!" grunted the Giant King. "He just has to hand over the rudder into the hands of another passenger, and he'll be free to go away."

In the morning, the Giant King went out, and the old woman gave the youth the three golden hairs and told him, "Remember the three answers."

"Thank you, grandmother," replied the young man. "I am very grateful to you."

He soon came to the ferryman and told him, "Ferry me across to the other side, and I'll tell you the answer to your question."

When the youth had hopped on to the land, he told the ferryman, "Hand over the rudder to any of your passengers and you'll be free."

He then travelled on to the kingdom where the pear tree in the orchard never bore golden pears. He told them what to do.

And in the city of the dry fountain, he told the guard to kill the frog sitting on a stone under it.

He was soon home, and handed over the three golden hairs to the king. Astounded to see the young man back alive, the king was unable to think of any more ways to kill him.

But the wicked king was soon justly punished, for he was the very next passenger that the ferryman had. The ferryman simply handed over the rudder to him, jumped out of the boat and ran away. And to this day, the old king sits in his ferry-boat, ferrying passengers to and fro across the lake.

— An Old Tale.

Kantu : My next door neighbour's living on borrowed time.

Shyam : Is he that ill?

Kantu : No, he still hasn't returned the watch he borrowed from me six months ago!

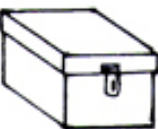
Veda Varadhaganeshan,
Tanjore - 610 205.



FUN

Pages

1.  + GO = ?

2. ? +  = 

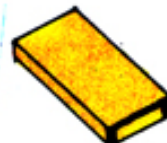
R.ANBAZHAGAN, AGED 14,
NEYVELI - 607 803.

3.  + STALL = ?

M.SANTHOSH KUMAR, AGED
MAHARASHTRA - 410 206.

4.  + POST = ?
 VASISHT, AGED-7,
 MANGALORE - 575 015.

5. POLICE +  = ?

6.  +  = ?

V.UDAY KIRAN, AGED 10,
 MANGALORE - 574 142.

7.  +  = ?

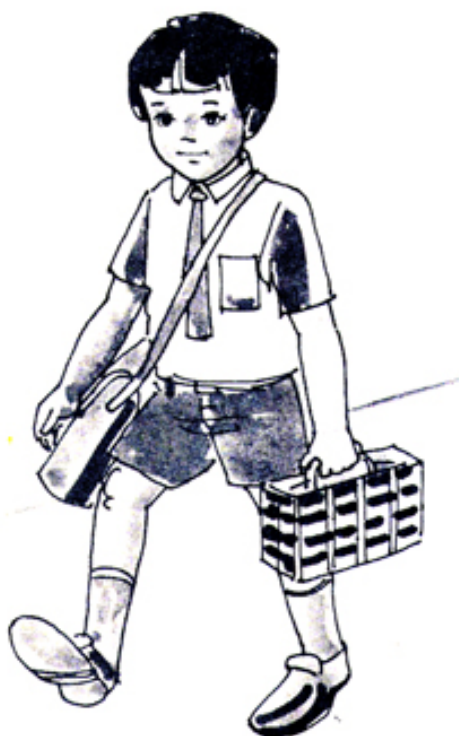
N.SRIDEVI, AGED 10,
 COONNOOR - 643 102.

8. ? +  = 

9.  + STY = ?

DIVYA S.NARAYANAN, AGED 10,
 TRIUVANDRUM - 695 008.

Safe – Walking on Roads



footpaths are there, these are not usable. You must learn how to walk safely on those different types of roads.

If there is a footpath, always walk on it. Do not get on to the carriageway.

Footpaths may not be very wide at many places. So do not walk in groups. Do not walk more than two abreast.

Even while walking on the footpath, be alert to cars making an entry into, or exit from adjoining compounds. Also, be alert for potholes, fruit-skins, etc. You could step on them and fall. Do not litter the footpath with rubbish. Also, do not play on the footpath.

We all walk on the road—it sounds so simple. But many accidents have occurred involving pedestrians. To remain safe, you must follow certain rules while walking on the road.

The two elements of a road are the footpath, and the carriageway. The footpath is meant for the use of pedestrians, and the carriageway for the movement of vehicular traffic. However, there are many roads where there is no footpath, and even if



At many places, you may not have a footpath. If there is no footpath, walk in single file on the side facing the oncoming traffic. Keep an alert eye on the traffic in front of you. Do not rush out on the road after school. If younger children are with you, show them the safe way of walking on the road.

When walking with elders, keep yourself on the side, away from road traffic.



ZEBRA CROSSING

There are certain safe areas for crossing roads. One

such place is the zebra-crossing, where you will find alternate black and white lines painted across the carriageway.

Zebra-crossings may be signal controlled, automatic or manual, or without control i. e. there may be a traffic signal or a policeman. At certain crossings both may not be there.

KERB DRILL

To cross the road safely, you should learn and practise a simple safety drill called the 'Kerb Drill'. The kerb is the dividing line between footpath and carriageway. The 'Kerb Drill' is a 5 - point rule which you can easily memorise.

1. Stop at the kerb
2. Look to your right
3. Look to your left
4. Look to your right again
5. If the road is clear, walk straight across. Do not run.

The 'Kerb Drill' can be followed whenever you are crossing roads which are two-way, and do not have dividers along the centre.

Information Service from :

Loss Prevention Association of India Ltd.

THE REWARD

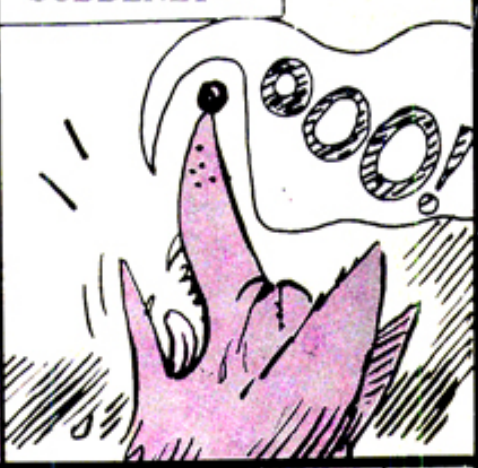
Illustration : NATANAM

A FABLE OF AESOP, THE SLAVE.

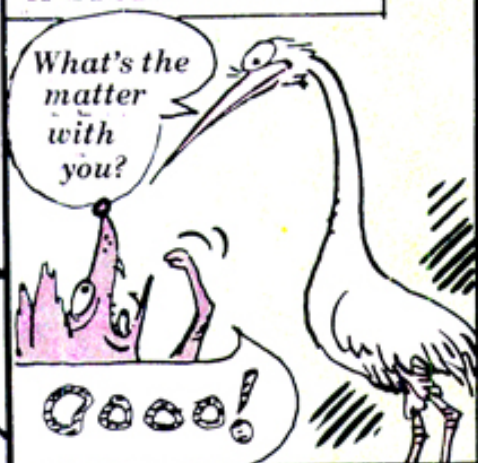
IN A FOREST -



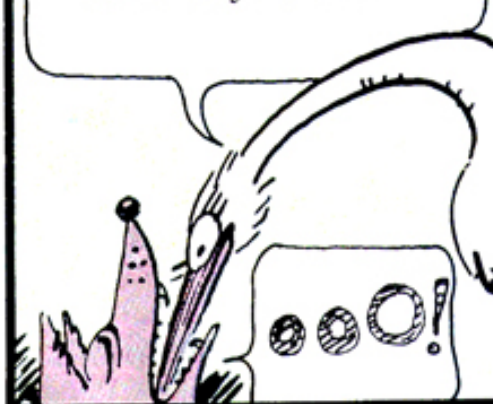
SUDDENLY —



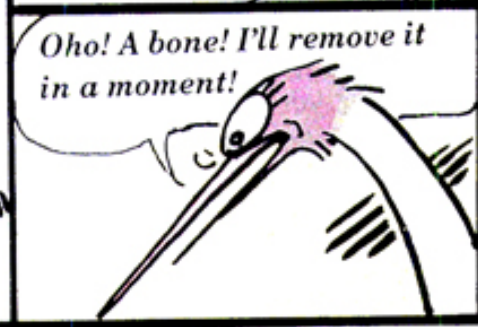
A STORK CAME BY.



In your mouth? Something is stuck in your throat?



Oho! A bone! I'll remove it in a moment!

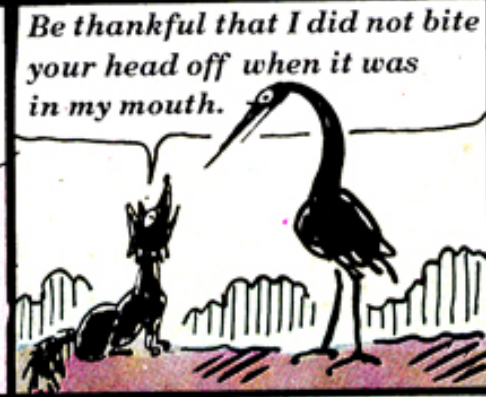




There you are! It's out! Now how will you reward me?



*Reward?
What
reward?*



Be thankful that I did not bite your head off when it was in my mouth.

AND THE FOX WENT AWAY,

*Some people
are grateful
when you
help them.....*



*.... and some are not!
I should not have
asked for
a reward.*



Watanabe — **END**

PUZZLES

TRICKY SUM

This is for the algebra buff. Even if you are not one, try it. The answer will stun you!

Find the value of : —
 $a(x-a) \times b(x-b) \times (x-c) \dots y(x-y) \times z(x-z).$

R. Moorthi,
Kallidai Kurichi - 627 416.

JUMBLE-BUMBLE (Sportsmen)

1. RYARG AAOVRPSK (two words)
2. NSLUI AAAGVRSK (two words)
3. OSRBI CKRBEE (two words)
4. S W N V I A A A H N T
NDNAA (two words)
5. GDOIE DOANRMAA
(two words)

R. Ajay, aged 11,
Madras - 600 047.

GUESS THE WORDS!

With the help of the clues given alongside, guess the words that end in - MENT.

1. — — MENT - To make two things join together.
2. — — MENT - To mourn or express grief

3. — — — MENT - Of the past.
4. — — — MENT - Article of clothing
5. — — — — MENT - A storey below ground-level.

K. Balaji, aged 11,
Madras - 600 017.

FUN WITH NUMBERS

Fill in the empty boxes in the square path in such a way that the numbers from 5 to 16 are not repeated, and no number is left-out.

The sum of the numbers on each of the four sides should be 42.

	14		12
15			
		10	

R. Balaji,
Madras - 600 084.

SCRAMBLER!

The names of four Indian poets are scrambled below. Can you find them out?

1. AIALKDS
2. AAARHBHRIT
3. N I D R A R B T A H A N
GATERO (two words)
4. JRSNAOII AIUDN (two words)

R. Vijay, aged 8,
Madras 600 047.

CRISS-CROSS

Clues :

1. Chemical
2. On the sea
3. Ask Earnestly
4. Brainwave !

A			
	A		
		A	
			A

1. Total expense
2. Sound wave
3. Front of head
4. A metal

C			
	C		
		C	
			C

**G. Harish, aged 10,
Madras.**

WORD LADDER!

Change the word SOUP to just one letter in each move.
BOWL, and FROG to SLIP in For eg: MISS can be changed
just four moves, substituting to PART in the following way.

MISS
MIST
MAST
PAST
PART

SOUP
BOWL

FROG
SLIP

**D. Anitha, aged 12.
Madras - 600 086.**

Answers on Page 54

RECIPES

Carnival Milk Shake

You need:

- 1 Cup mixed fruit, (These could be the fruit of the season) cut into small pieces
- 4 cups Vanilla ice-cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk / A pinch of nutmeg powder
- Crushed ice / Sugar to taste.



Kala-

How to make it:

Put aside a few pieces of fruit for final decoration.

Whip up the rest of the ingredients in the blender till soft. Pour into tall glasses and top with crushed ice and bits of fruit.

Chellam Gopalakrishnan

Sugar Toffee

RECIPES

You need:

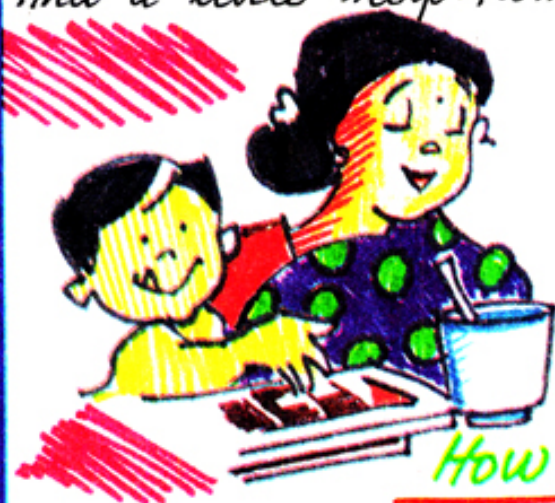


A vessel with a thick base

One cup Sugar

A ladle / A plate / A few drops of ghee or butter

And a little help from your mother.



How to make it:

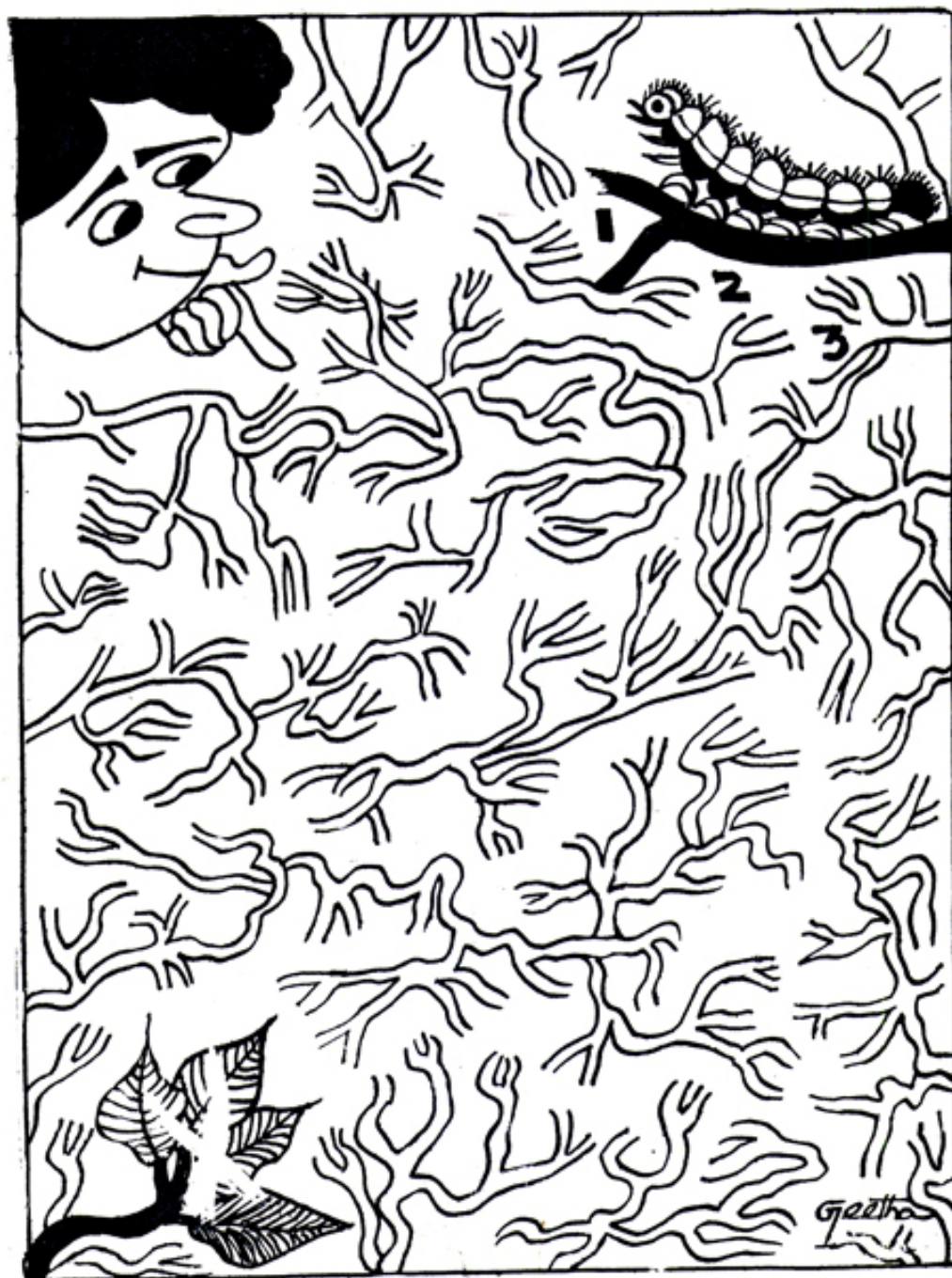
Put the sugar into the vessel. Place it on the fire. When the vessel heats up, the sugar will turn into syrup. Stir this syrup till it turns golden brown.

Rub the ghee or butter over the surface of the plate. Now pour your toffee into this plate to set.

When the toffee has cooled, break off pieces and serve.

MAZE

Creepy, the caterpillar is hungry. Can you help him reach the fresh leaves at the bottom of the page?





GOING TO SCHOOL

I go to school
Everyday at eight.
With my head very cool
And heart very light.

First comes the Maths sir
With spec's perched on his nose,
Then comes our Science sir
Wearing a shirt very loose.

The rest are also a bore,
And our teachers a funny lot,
So I went home, my heart sore
And my head very hot!

**Deepa Nambirajan, aged 12,
Visakhapatnam - 530 003.**





GOKULAM POSTER



RAIN RAIN RAIN

All thoughts of drought,
Are regarded as mere fears,
As the rains draw near,
And in the sky is a big black cloud.

In a dry, dry land,
Where bone-dry is the sand,
When rain touches the ground,
It makes a beautiful sound.

Maya Chandrasekaran,
aged 11,
Bangalore - 560 018.

natam

COLOUR AND KEEP



Q : When did the dinosaur wake up?



A : At the dawn of time!

Q : Why was it easy to go to school in prehistoric times?



A : There was no history to study!

Q : What did the caveman say when his spear broke into two?



A : Now I have to join the club!

Q : What did the caveman say to Darwin?

RIDDLES

Back to history!



A : Don't try to make a monkey out of me!

Q : What kind of music do cavemen like?



A : Rock music!

Dhanya Parthasarathy,
aged 14,
Madras - 600 034.

TWIST OF FORTUNE

ILLUSTRATIONS: Calitha—

AMIRCHAND WAS A RICH MAN.



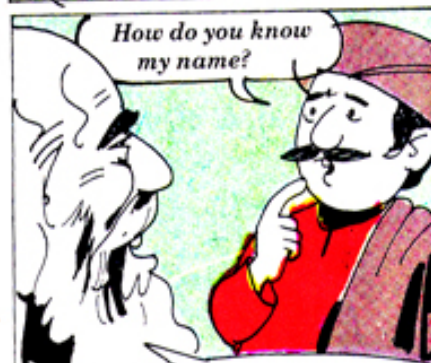
Soon I'll be the richest man in the world!

ONE DAY—



O Amirchand! Let me tell you your fortune.

How do you know my name?



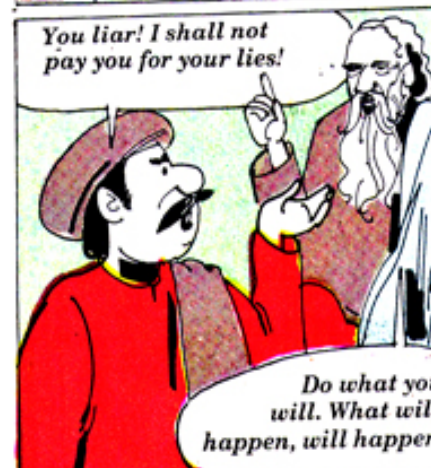
I know many more things about you.

All your wealth will go to your neighbour one day.



WHAT?!?!?

You liar! I shall not pay you for your lies!



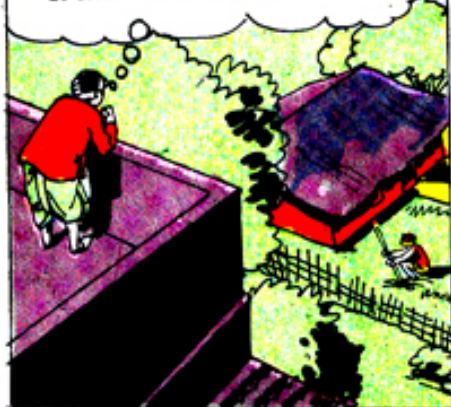
Do what you will. What will happen, will happen.



What if it comes true? All my wealth go to poor Srihari, my neighbour? No, no! I must be careful.

**DAYS PASSED. AMIRCHAND'S
WORRY GREW.**

*It shall not be!
It should not happen.*



*I know! I shall exchange
all my wealth for a
priceless diamond and carry it
with me all the time.*

SO —

*It will be safe
here. Srihari
will never get
hold of it.*



ONE DAY —



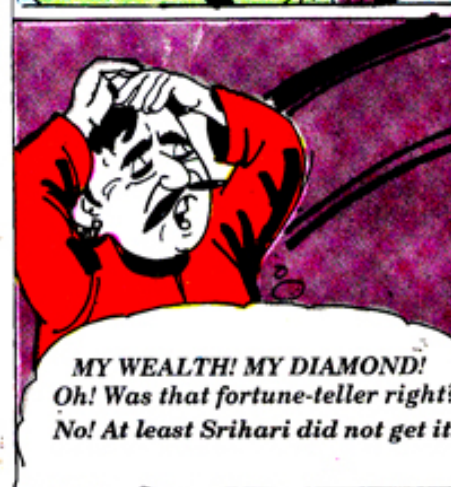
**MY TURBAN!
MY TURBAN!
MY DIAMOND!**

BUT SRIHARI DID GET IT.

A DIAMOND!
*And Amir's Turban! I
will return them to
Amir. What I earn by
hard work is enough
for me!*



MY WEALTH! MY DIAMOND!
*Oh! Was that fortune-teller right?
No! At least Srihari did not get it.*



-END-

ANSWERS

Page 17

FRUIT BOWL

G	W	B	A	N	A	N	A	M	C
O	A	M	A	N	G	O	M	H	O
B	T	G	Q	S	D	M	E	I	O
T	E	U	S	D	S	R	I	E	D
U	R	A	Y	O	R	A	N	G	E
N	M	V	L	Y	E	R	Q	O	E
O	E	A	S	Z	E	L	O	M	P
C	L	O	C	G	R	A	P	E	S
O	O	S	P	O	S	E	Q	P	R
C	N	D	G	P	A	P	A	Y	A

multiplying the series, you will arrive at $x(x-x)$.

$$\text{But } x(x-x) = 0$$

Thus the answer to the whole sum is zero!

J U M B L E - B U M B L E (Sportsmen)

1. Garry Kasparov
2. Sunil Gavaskar
3. Boris Becker
4. Viswanathan Anand
5. Diego Maradona

GUESS THE WORDS!

1. CEMENT
2. LAMENT
3. SEGMENT
4. GARMENT
5. BASEMENT

Page 36 FUN-PAGES!

Cargo
Postbox
Book-stall
Lamp-post
Policeman
Matchbox
Raincoat
Ladybird
Pig-sty

Page 42

TRICKY SUM

The answer is zero!
Because when you keep on

FUN WITH NUMBERS

5	14	11	12
15			8
6			13
16	7	10	9

WORD LADDER!

SOUP	FROG
SOUL	FLOG
FOUL	FLOP
FOWL	FLIP
BOWL	SLIP

SCRAMBLER!

1. Kalidas
2. Bharathiar
3. Rabindranath Tagore
4. Sarojini Naidu

CRISS-CROSS

- | | |
|---------|---------|
| 1. Acid | 1. Cost |
| 2. Wave | 2. Echo |
| 3. Pray | 3. Face |
| 4. Idea | 4. Zinc |

Stories from Shakespeare

As YOU LIKE IT

The story so far....

Duke Fredrick had usurped the kingdom from his elder brother, the Old Duke and banished him. Rosalind, the Old Duke's daughter, and Celia, Duke Fredrick's daughter remained in court. There they met Orlando, the son of Sir Roland de Bois, and Rosalind and Orlando fell in love.

Duke Fredrick, in a fit of anger, banished Rosalind too. Rosalind, disguised as a shepherd Ganymede, and Celia as a shepherdess called Aliena, both set out towards the forest of Arden with Touchstone, a clown. They hoped to find the Old Duke who was hiding in the forest.

Orlando, escaping from his

elder brother Oliver who wanted to kill him, too reached the forest of Arden. There he found the Old Duke who welcomed him.

One day Ganymede and Aliena, who were living in a shepherd's cottage, found notes pinned on trees. They were poems of love composed by Orlando for Rosalind!

They met Orlando himself, and Ganymede teased him saying that love was a madness, and she would cure him of it. She would pretend to be Rosalind and behave so shrewishly that Orlando would hate her. Not knowing that the shepherd Ganymede was really Rosalind, Orlando agreed. Now read on....

PART II

Touchstone the clown found himself a love-Audrey, a country girl. He too, like Orlando, was a bad poet.

He told Audrey that she was unable to understand his poetry and wit, since she was only a country girl!

In another part of the forest, Silvius, a shepherd, was being scorned by the shepherdess he loved, Phebe. She rejected all his words of love and told him

never to come near her. Ganymede and Aliena asked Phebe why she disliked Silvius. Phebe replied that she was in love with Ganymede!

Ganymede told her not to fall in love with 'him', and to listen instead to Silvius' words of love. As Ganymede and Aliena left them, Phebe, angry with Ganymede's words, decided to write a taunting letter to him. She asked Silvius to carry it to Ganymede for her.



Orlando came to see Ganymede as promised and cried, "Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!"

Orlando wooed Ganymede pretending she was Rosalind. Ganymede, too pretended to be Rosalind (which must have been quite confusing for her!) and replied to his words as a fickle woman would. But Orlan-

do was not put off by her words—he promised to meet her an hour later, and took leave of her.

After he had gone, Rosalind confessed to Celia that she really was in love with Orlando.

Silvius came with Phebe's letter to Ganymede. It was a letter in which Phebe told her love for Ganymede. Silvius, was amazed for he thought that Phebe had wanted to chide Ganymede.

At that moment, Oliver entered in search of Ganymede. Giving a blood-soaked napkin to her, he said that he had a message from Orlando to deliver.

Orlando had been on his way to see Ganymede as he had promised her, when he passed a ragged man asleep under a tree. A snake had entwined itself around his neck and was just

about to strike, but seeing Orlando, it slithered away. At that moment, Orlando spotted a lioness waiting to pounce on the sleeping man.

Orlando hesitated—for the sleeping man was none other than Oliver, his brother who had tried to kill him!

But noble Orlando who was kind of heart, turned and fought with the lioness, defeating her.

Orlando then led Oliver to the old Duke's hideout where he was given a warm welcome. Orlando then went into his cave and removed his shirt, for the lioness had torn away some flesh from his arm. He handed over a napkin stained with his blood to Oliver and asked him to give it to Ganymede whom he called Rosalind. Then he fainted away, for he had lost a lot of blood.

Listening to Oliver's narrative, Ganymede too fainted!

"You a man?" asked Oliver. "You lack a man's heart."

But Ganymede protested that she was only pretending. Aliena took Ganymede home and asked Oliver to come with them.

"That I will," said Oliver, for he had to take a message from her back to Orlando.

Back with Orlando, Oliver confessed that he had fallen in love with Aliena. He told Orlando that he would give him his estate, and live as a shepherd with Aliena in the forest.

Orlando told him to tell Aliena that they would be married the next day, with the old Duke and his followers as guests.

When Orlando met Ganymede, he told her of their wedding.

"I'll play the part of Rosalind tomorrow," she said. "And you too shall be married."



Orlando said that he could pretend no longer.

Then Ganymede told him to be ready to be married the next day with the real Rosalind. Orlando was amazed and asked her whether she really meant what she said.

"I do," said Ganymede. "I say I am a magician. Put on your best array for you will be married tomorrow."

Silvius and Phebe too arrived there—Phebe was unhappy that Ganymede had shown her letter to Silvius. Ganymede promised her, "Tomorrow, meet me together. I will marry you, if I ever marry a woman."

The next day, all were waiting for Ganymede, including Celia, the old Duke and his followers.

"Do you think," asked the old Duke. "That the boy can do all this that he has promised?"

Orlando was as bewildered as ever.

"Sometimes I do believe," he answered. "Sometimes do not."

Then Ganymede arrived with Silvius and Phebe.

"If I bring your daughter Rosalind," she told the old Duke. "You will marry her to Orlando?"

The old Duke said that he would.

Ganymede turned to Phebe.

"You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?" she asked. Phebe answered that she would.

"But if you refuse to marry

me," asked Rosalind. "Will you marry Silvius?"

Phebe agreed.

Then Rosalind went away taking Celia with her.

"This shepherd boy," mused the old Duke. "Reminds me of my daughter."

Touchstone and Audrey had arrived there, for they too wanted to be married.

Rosalind, then returned, dressed as herself, with Celia. The old Duke and Orlando were amazed, and so was Phebe. She agreed to marry faithful Silvius.

When all the weddings had been arranged satisfactorily, a messenger arrived with a letter.

"I am the second son of Sir Roland," he said. "My name is Jacques de Bois."

He said that Duke Fredrick had been jealous of his brother's power and had come to the forest of Arden to kill him. Here, he met a holy man, and soon realized his wickedness. He gave the kingdom back to his brother and became a holy man himself.

"Welcome, young man!" exclaimed the old Duke. "You are in time to see both your brothers married."

And thus the story ends. The old Duke got his kingdom back, and the four pairs of lovers were married, including Touchstone and Audrey. They lived happily ever after.

Concluded.

TRAVELS THROUGH INDIA

ANDAMAN AND NICOBAR ISLANDS

Mukundh and Vivek were exchanging news after their summer vacations.

"Where did you go?" asked Mukundh eagerly.

"Oh, as usual to our native village. We had lots of fun," said Vivek.

"Didn't you also go to your native village?"

"Oh, it would have been fun if we had gone there this year too," replied Mukundh. "But we went to the Andamans!"

"Oh!" said Vivek casually. "To the Andamans! Was it a good holiday?"

"The journey was great!" exclaimed Mukundh. "We sailed by the Ship M.V. Najd III from Madras. It took us 3½ days to get there. But the return journey took us just two hours."

"How?"

"We took a flight from Port Blair, the capital of the Andaman and Nicobar Islands. It is 1,191 kms. from Madras, 1,255 kms. from Calcutta and 1,126 kms. from Vishakapatnam," replied Mukundh.

"Did you visit all the islands there?" asked Vivek.

"That's impossible!" laughed Mukundh. "There are more

Islands of Wonder

*** The Pandanus**
Tree whose
fruit is eaten
by the
Nicobarese....



than 500 islands in that territory, if you count the jutting rocks and coral reefs. But actually we can say there are 320 island in the group."

"Do people live in all the islands?"

"No. Only 38 islands are occupied—26 in the Andaman group and 12 in the Nicobar group. People from all parts of India live there—from Kashmir

to Kanyakumari."

"A mini India, eh?" asked Vivek.

"You can say that," laughed Mukundh. "Bengalis are most in number followed by Tamilians. But 1/5th of the population are tribals."

"Tribals! Did you see them? Did they shoot arrows at you?" asked Vivek, now caught by what Mukundh was saying.

"Nicobarese and Shompens



*** Barren Is-**
land: This volcanowhichwas
vigorously active till 1803,
remained 'extinct' till very
recently. On
April 30th this
year, people
noticed black
smoke coming
out of the
crater. After
188 years, Barren Island had
a very real eruption, complete with fire
and lava!

live in the Nicobar islands. They belong to the *Mongoloid* race, but most of them are Christians now. Still, they follow their old customs and beliefs."

"Who are the *Shompens*?" asked Vivek eagerly.



* The Narcondum Hornbill, a rare bird.



* The tropical forests of the Andamans.

"They are called the '*Shy Shompens*' as they are reserved and live in deep forests."

"What about the Andaman tribals?" asked Vivek.

"I'll tell you... there are the *Great Andamanese* (about 29 people only), *Onges* (around 99 people), *Sentinelese* (who number around 100) and the *Jarawas* (who are around 200 in number). They are the *aborigines* of the islands. The *Nicobarese* and *Shompens* are thought to be later settlers," concluded Mukundh.

"*Aborigines.... aborigines....*" muttered Vivek, wondering

what it meant.

"The *aborigines* are the original inhabitants of a place," explained Mukundh. "The *Andamanese* are dark complexioned with thick, black hair, big noses and protruding lips, while the *Nicobarese* are fair with brown hair. Both are

* **White-bellied Sea Eagle.**



short-statured.

The *Jarawas* and *Sentinelese* are considered to be the rarest specimens of *Palaeolithic* people still surviving in the world.

"Palaeolithic....?"

"Don't you remember, Vivek? History! It means pertaining to that period when early stone implements were used—say the first half of the stone age."

"Wow!" exclaimed Vivek. "Did you see any of them?"

"I did see the *Nicobarese*, but

do not allow strangers to land. As you can see, they are aptly named," replied Mukundh. "The *Jarawas* live in protected areas in the South and Middle Andamans.

"Even though the *Onges* and the *Great Andamanese* are a modernized people, you need a special pass to visit the area where they live.

"Nowadays the names of many places are being changed. But the names Andaman and Nicobar have remained for hundreds of years despite ef-

*** References to the Andaman and Nicobar Islands have been found in inscriptions in Tanjavur, belonging to the period 1050 A.D. They refer to the islands as *Theemai-th-theevugal* (Islands of Evil). Maybe this is because the *aborigines* attacked any outsiders who ventured there.**

*** Only two volcanic islands exist in India. *Barren Island* and *Narcondum*. Both belong to the Andaman group of islands. (*Narcondum* is derived from the Tamil word *Naraka Gundum* which means Hell's Hole!)**

*** There are 250 species of birds, 56 mammal species, 86 reptile**

not the *Andamanese*."

"Why?" asked Vivek.

"They all live in reserved or protected areas. The *Sentinelese* in the Sentinel Island

forts to change them."

"How did they get their names?" wondered Vivek.

"In Tamil, what was once called *Nakkavaram Theevugal*, has now become Nicobar," laughed Mukundh. "Don't you know your history, Vivek?"

"What has history to do with

*** The bee-hive-shaped house of the Nicobar tribals. A ladder is used to climb into the house.**





The Qnge tribals of the Little Andaman Island.

species, 10 amphibian ones, 600 species of fish, rare butterflies, and infinite varieties of insects and plants!

* Elephants were brought to these islands from mainland India to help in the timber trade.

* The islands are believed to have risen out of the sea 30 million years ago, at about the same time as the Himalayas.

* The Andaman and Nicobar Islands are classified as a Union Territory of India. This is because the population is not big enough to have an assembly, a chief minister and a governor! It is ruled by a Lt. Governor appointed by the President.

this?"

"Remember Rajendra Chola I?" asked Mukundh. "When his admirals captured the islands, they were named *Nakkavaram Theevugal* (Islands of the Nudes) because the tribals wore little clothes during that time (1050 A.D.)—which was 850 years ago. It was soon shortened to Nicobar."

"And the Andamans?" asked Vivek.

"It is thought to be a version

of the word *Pulan Hantuman* which means *the land of Hanuman* in Malay. Maybe they referred to the monkeys that lived on the islands, or even the humans!"

"How interesting this is, Professor Mukundh!" said Vivek, laughing. "Thank you for the history-cum-geography lesson."

S. BALAKRISHNAN



UNITY

Readers N. Vidhya, aged 12, from Trichy - 260 005, has sent us this drawing called UNITY.

We think what she says is right. That's what being in India is about - we all are one!

FIREFLIES

Living lights!

Have you ever observed Mother Nature's magic lights? On dark nights, you would have noticed tiny glowing sparks flitting about — what are they?

Fireflies, of course! But they are not flies like our domestic house-fly, but one among the 250,000 species of beetles known to us.

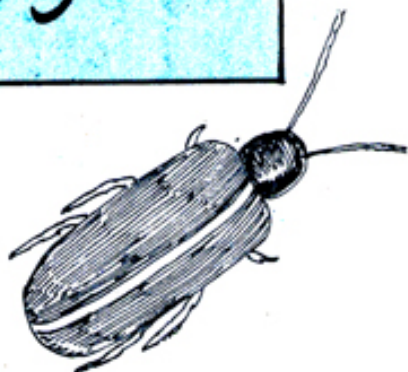
They are typical insects with wings and jointed legs. They do not have any bones and are known as *anthropods*.

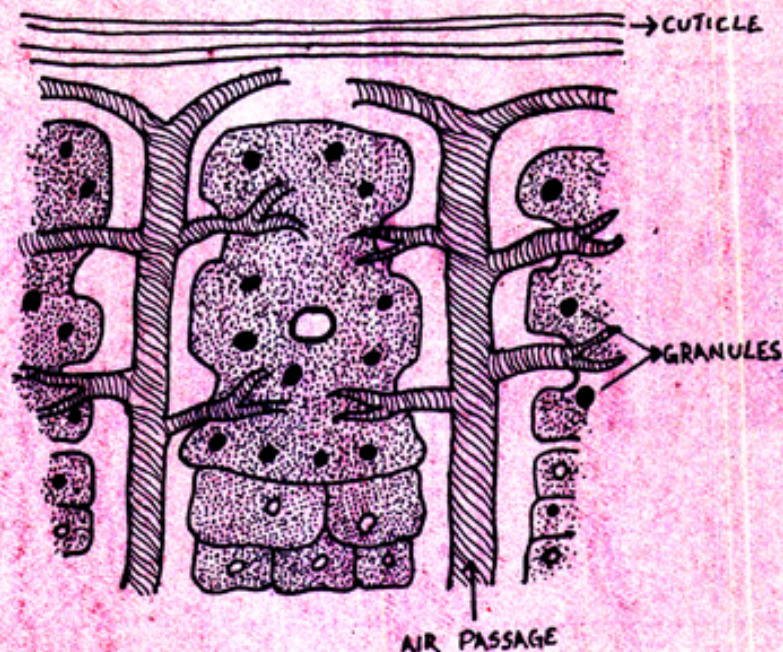
The glittering light from this tiny beetle is one of nature's greatest miracles. It is bright and perfect and emits no

heat. The beetles have shell-like wings. Underneath this, they have their real thin and broad wings that are made of membrane. These real wings are the one they use for flight.

The colour of their body varies from grey and brown to black. It is narrow and flat.

If you hold a firefly in your cupped hand, you can see a continued, subdued glow in the last segments of their abdomen. It looks like a flash coming from a revolving lighthouse beam. The light flashes in a rhythmic man-





Let me tell you how the light-giving organ of the firefly works.

Near the surface of the light-giving organ are layers of granules, which contain *Lucifern*, and at the bottom are crystal cells that act like reflectors. The whole organ is covered by a protective *cuticle* which is transparent.

The *Lucifern* is the source of light. Air tubes run through the organ—so when oxygen reaches the *Lucifern*, it oxidises and produces a flash of light.

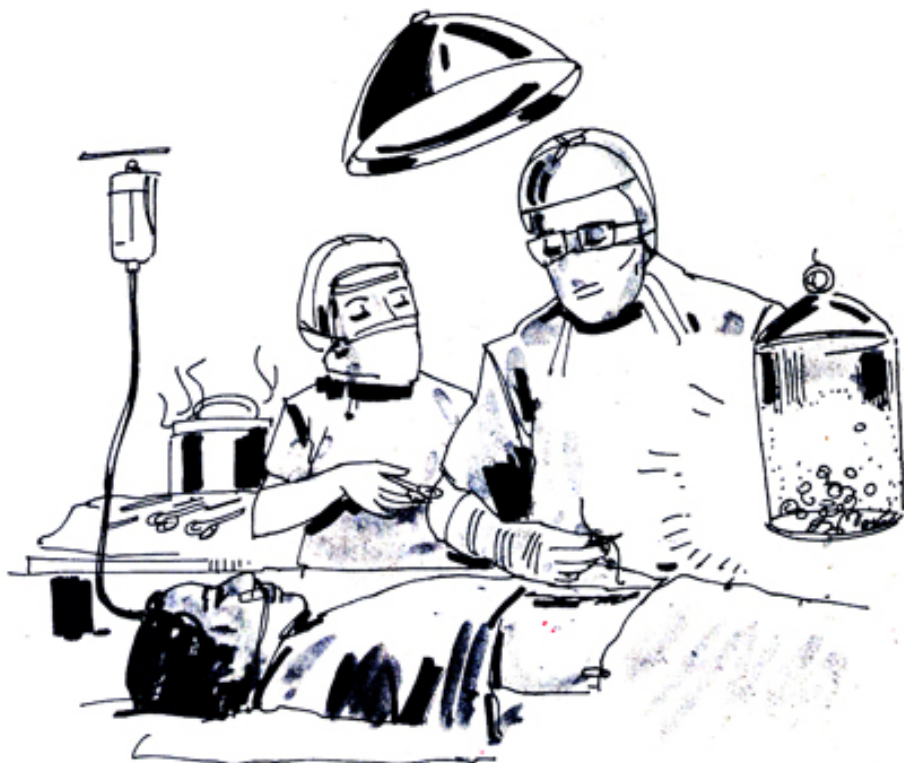
ner again and again.

If the firefly is hurt, the flashes of light become faster, just like our heart beats faster when we are excited.

Why do fireflies have this light? The male fireflies use it to attract the female of the species. Some of them carry this light only during their younger, larval stages.

Some fireflies even lay luminous eggs. This guides the parent-firefly towards its egg. But the little, glowing light that they carry are dangerous to these little beetles themselves — they may attract enemies!

Different firefly species differ in the brilliance of light that they carry. Some fireflies



in the West Indies carry brilliant lights.

When American troops were fighting in Cuba in 1898, Dr. William G. Gorgas was operating a soldier. Suddenly the lights went off, and the doctor and his team found themselves in darkness. Somebody brought in a bottle full of brilliantly glowing fireflies (of a species known as *Cucuyos*), and the operation was successfully completed. You can imagine how bright the light from these *Cucuyos* would have been!

firefly show'. Hundreds of male flies cluster on the *ton lampoo* trees that stand on the banks of the rivers. They flash their light 120 times a minute, and all the males flash their lights at the same time. So one moment there is darkness, the next, there is a flash of brilliant light from all the fireflies!

During the period from mid-June to August, fireflies produce the most light. Then their magic lights vanish—but not before they lay their eggs in rotting logs of wood! Then it's goodbye to the magic lights till next year!

Summer evenings in Thailand herald the 'great

GEETHA VISWANATHAN

Who are you, stranger?
Standing in my home, my water?



Don't hurt me, pelican brother!
From far have I come,
To roost hither.

Sher Shah Suri, in the guise of an ordinary soldier was hiding behind the trunk of a big tree. The sun had set and darkness had fallen. He was guarding a narrow road. He had been informed that a Mughal infantry was coming through the forest beyond the river.

All of a sudden, he saw a woman walking fast towards the river - side. He followed her stealthily. Reaching the bank of the river the woman prayed aloud, "God, pardon me for all my sins. I am helpless as I have no strength to bear the insult



LION OF JUSTICE

inflicted upon me. Nor do I have courage to seek justice."

As she was about to jump into the deep river, Sher Shah caught hold of her by her arm. The woman began to tremble.

"Why do you want to die?" asked Sher Shah. The woman did not reply.

"Don't fear anyone, my

daughter," said Sher Shah "Tell me what's wrong."

"You can't help me" said the woman "Who will dare opposing Sher Shah?"

"What has Sher Shah done to you? Tell me."

"The eldest son of Sher Shah Suri has insulted me." she replied "How could I dare report against the prince? What justice should I expect?"

"You must seek the justice of Sher Shah. If he cannot be just, he has no right to be the ruler of this land," stated Sher Shah.

He then took her to her husband, and made him agree to lodge a complaint with the Sher-

shah against the prince the next day.

The next day, the woman and her husband went to court. Shers Shah soon entered and took his place.

"Speak out, my daughter" he told the woman. "What has brought you to my Court?"

The lady recognized the voice, and was speechless.

"Do not fear," said Shers Shah.

Gathering her courage, she said, "Your Majesty! Prince Adil Shah has insulted me. I seek justice!"

The people in court were amazed and there was an uproar.

"She must be insane!" said one courtier.

Looking sternly towards the courtiers and nobles, Shers Shah said, "Be silent. Let her speak. My daughter, can you recognize the prince, who is the culprit?" "Yes, my lord," she said, pointing to the prince. "There he is!"

Shers Shah then turned to the prince and said, "Have you anything to say in your defence?" The prince stood up. He bowed to Shers Shah and hanging down his head, said "Your Majesty! I am guilty! I beg pardon for what I did and will never do it again."

turned to the *Quazi* (judge). "What's the punishment for this crime?"

"My Lord, this is an ordinary crime" replied the *Quazi*. "The prince should be warned to be careful in future, and the lady paid suitable compensation for the insult she has borne."

"*Quazi Saheb!* Are you afraid of punishing the prince?" asked Shers Shah. "I am not. The prince shall be insulted in the same manner as the lady has been insulted by the prince."

There were murmurs as people wondered how an ordinary subject could insult a royal prince. Shers Shah silenced them.

"Justice will be done to all," he proclaimed "Be he an ordinary man or a member of the royal family. A king rules his subjects as a representative of God. All are equal in the eyes of God. No one should think that he can escape justice because of his position of power or wealth."

"My Lord!" cried the woman. "I pardon the prince! I have got justice!"

She turned to the prince.

"I pardon you. Learn to treat your subjects as you do your own children."

The shamed prince said, "Sister! You have taught me how to be a true prince."

"Justice shall be done," said Shers Shah and

Dr. M. Q. Khan,
Bihar 823 001.

SIMPLE GARDENING-2

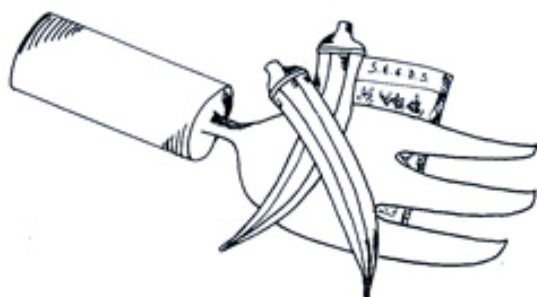
Ladies Finger

You need :

Ladies finger seeds

Manure (Old cow Dung)

A spade



How to plant it :

Loosen the soil with your spade, to a depth of about half a foot. Now, using your fingers (or a trowel) crumble the loosened soil, weeding out stones and lumps of clay. Mix the manure with the soil, and spread evenly around your patch.

With your thumb, make little holes in intervals of 9 inches on your patch. Put one ladiesfingers seed each, into these holes and fill them with loose soil.

Sprinkle water to dampen your seeds.

Watch your plants grow :

Carefully tend your seedlings and watch them grow into plants. Your ladiesfingers will start to grow within 45 days of planting the seeds.

**Information courtesy :
SOUNDARYA NURSERY
MADRAS.**

Nina : Teacher! Why did you give me a zero on my maths paper?

Teacher : Because there aren't any marks lower than that to give you!

**R. Pavithra, aged 14,
Bombay - 22**



Name : Anuj Agarwal,

Age : 9 years,

Address : 5-9-30-1/4

Basheer Bagh Palace,

Road No : 2,

Hyderabad - 500 029.

Hobbies : Collecting stamps, coins, automobile stickers and posters, reading books, outdoor games and watching video.

Name : V. Ramakrishnan,

Age : 11 years,

Address : 208, Dr. Radhakrishnan

Road,

Tatabad,

Coimbatore - 641 012.

Hobbies : Collecting stamps, playing chess, carroms, reading books, to work on a computer, etc.

Name : Ravin Singh,

Age : 10 years,

Address : B-10, Nidhi,

Sector-16-A,

Vashi,

New Bombay - 400 103.

Hobbies : Reading, playing cricket and chess.

Name : R. Dinesh Kumar,

Age : 10 years,

Address : 26 Appa Swami Street,

Sheavapet,

Salem - 636 002.

Hobbies : Drawing, Collecting stamps, watching dance and films.

Name : R. Anbazhagan,

Age : 14 years,

Address : 33-E, Type I Quarters,

Block - 5, Neyveli - 607 803.

South Arcot District,

Tamil Nadu.

Hobbies : Writing to magazines like 'Gokulam', playing carroms, chess and badminton, and reading general knowledge books.

Name : M. Santosh Kumar,

Age : 14 years,

Address : PL-6, 14/05, CIDCO

Penpals

Colony,

P.O. New Panvel,

Raigad (Dt)

Maharashtra - 410 206.

Hobbies : Collecting stamps and coins, and riding my bicycle.

Name : C. Arvinth,

Age : 12 years,

Address : Plot No. 15, Thirunagar

Extension,

Tirunagar,

Vellore - 632 006.

Hobbies : Gardening, collecting coins and stamps, reading children's magazines like 'Gokulam' and 'Misha'.

Name : Anuja Iyer,

Age : 13 years,

Address : 65/4, Bhavana,

Tarun Bharat Soc,

Chakala, Andheri (E)

Bombay - 400 099.

Hobbies : Reading books, philately and gardening.

Name : Amol Iyer,

Age : 10 years,

Address : 65/4 Bhavana,

Tarun Bharat Soc,

Chakala, Andheri (E)

Bombay - 400 099.

Hobbies : Philately, collecting coins, reading all types of books and collecting greeting cards.

Name : Karthick Venkataraman,

Age : 12 years,

Address : A/6, New Haven,

Chheda Nagar,

Chembur,

Bombay - 400 089.

Hobbies : Collecting stamps, greeting cards, making crafts, playing games, reading books, watching T.V.

Pages

programmes, solving puzzles, playing chess and carrom.

Name : T. S. Rupesh,

Age : 13 years,

Address : 40-B, Lakshmipuram 2nd Street,
Madurai - 625 001,
Tamil Nadu.

Hobbies : Collecting stamps and coins, reading, collecting latest G.K. information, playing games, to read science books, to write articles to 'Gokulam' and other magazines, computer programming.

Name : V. Sreekala Iyer,

Age : 13 years,

Address : Thimma Reddy Building,
Marathaballi P.O.
Bangalore - 560 037.

Hobbies : Reading comics like 'Gokulam', 'Tinkle', making greeting cards, playing badminton, making friends, etc.

Name : M. Rafi,

Age : 15 years,

Address : C/O M. Fazal, Foreman,
H.C.C. Ltd, Works (Garage)
Lower Periyar Dist,
PB 501,
Idukky Colony,
Kerala.

Hobbies : Stamp collection, reading, playing football, gardening, listening to Indian music and watching television.

Name : A. R. Pratap,

Age : 9 years,

Address : 209, Janaki Nagar,
Saraswati Ramakrishnan Street,
Valasaravakkam,
Madras - 60087.

Hobbies : Reading books of science,

'Gokulam' and 'Chandamama', playing badminton, cricket, football, kho-kho and kabbadi.

Name : R. Vidhya,

Age : 13 years,

Address : No. 115 Loganathan St,
Krishnapuram, Ambattur,
Madras - 600 053.

Hobbies : Collecting stamps and coins, playing badminton, riding the 'cycle and reading story books.

Name : C. Bhaskar,

Age : 15 years,

Address : 40, 52nd Avenue,
Sadras West,
Kalpakkam - 603 102.

Hobbies : Reading books, listening to songs, stamp collection, playing games, etc.

Name : Kruti Shah,

Age : 13 years,

Address : G/4, Nava Samaj Society,
Nehru Road,
Vile Parle - East,
Bombay - 400 057.

Hobbies : Dancing, playing lawn-tennis, drawing, talking, writing letters, collecting stickers, solving puzzles, making friends and travelling.

Name : Vibhuti Shah,

Age : 11 years,

Address : G/4, Nava Samaj Society,
Nehru Road,
Vile Parle - East,
Bombay - 400 057.

Hobbies : Drawing, playing, studying, swimming, cycling, making friends, craft work, etc.

Name : Nithyananda,

Age : 15 years,

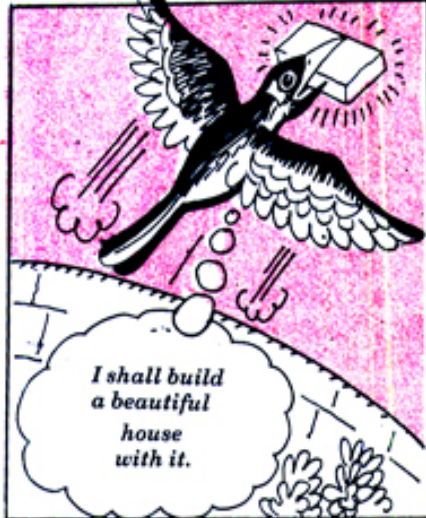
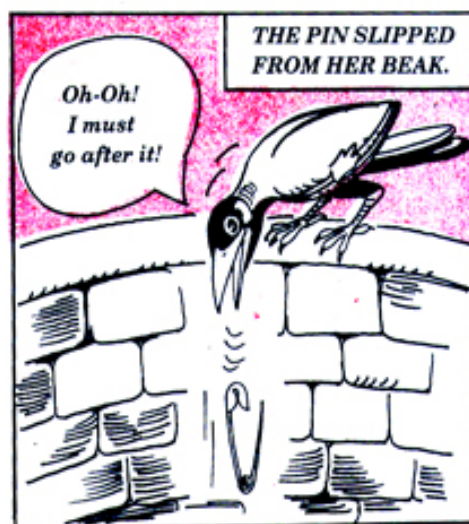
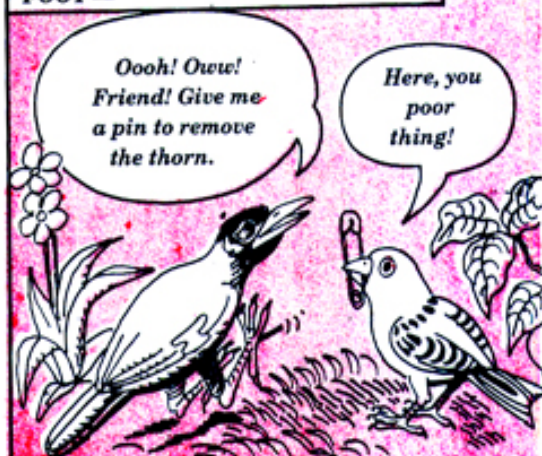
Address : Dr. No. 16, II Cross,
Udayagiri,
Mandya - 571 401.
Karnataka.

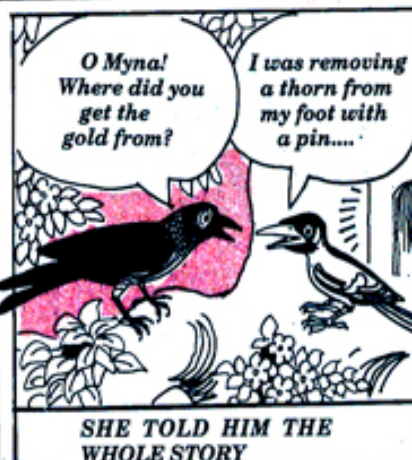
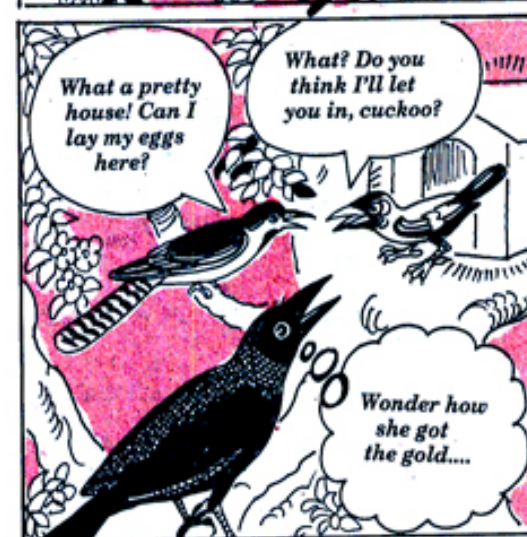
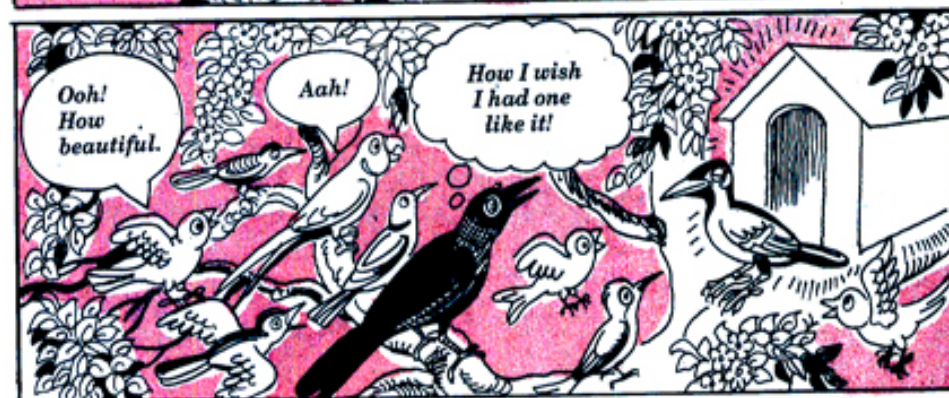
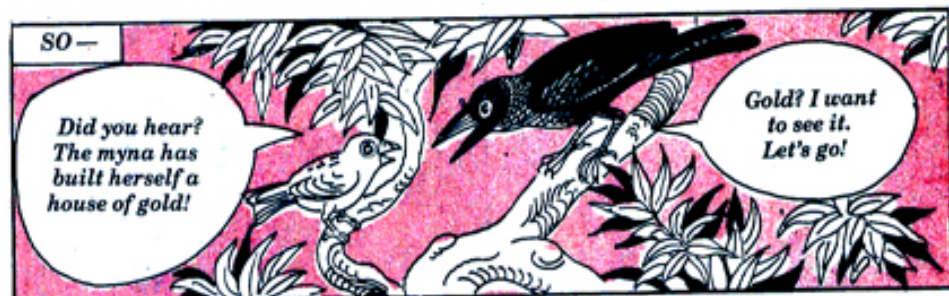
Hobbies : Reading newspapers, discovering new things, reading books, playing badminton, collecting books, G.K., gardening, essay and poem-writing.

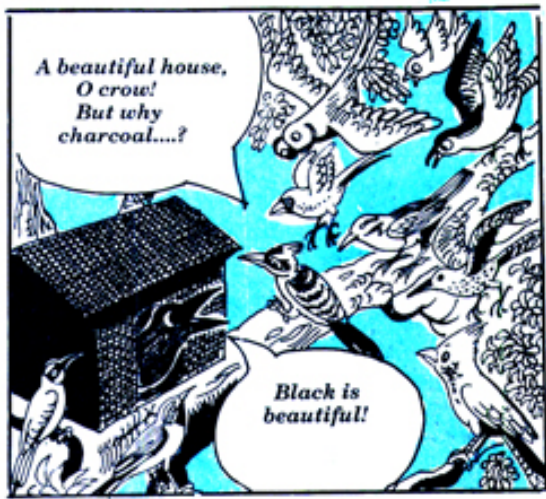
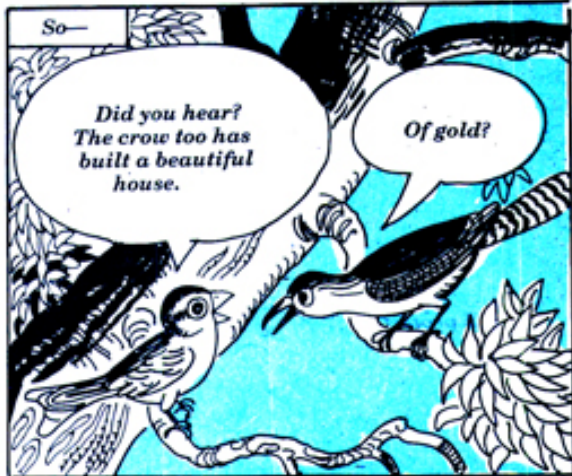
HOUSE OF GOLD

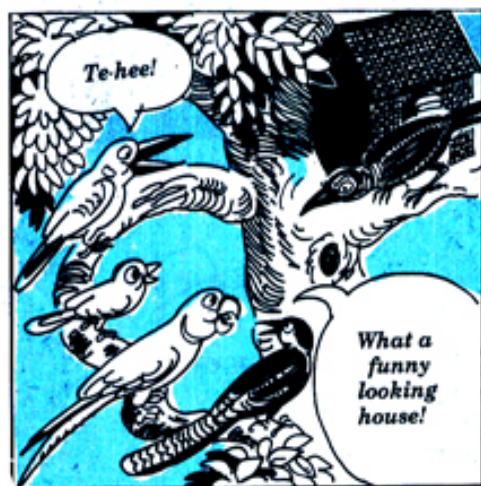
Illustration : CHELLAM

A THORN ONCE PIERCED A MYNA'S FOOT —

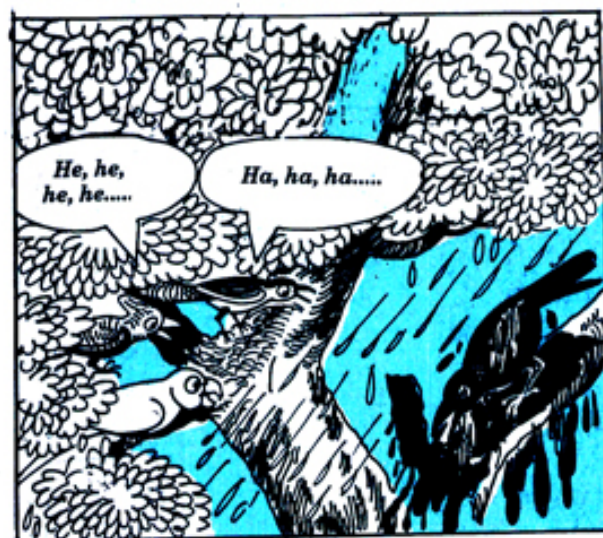
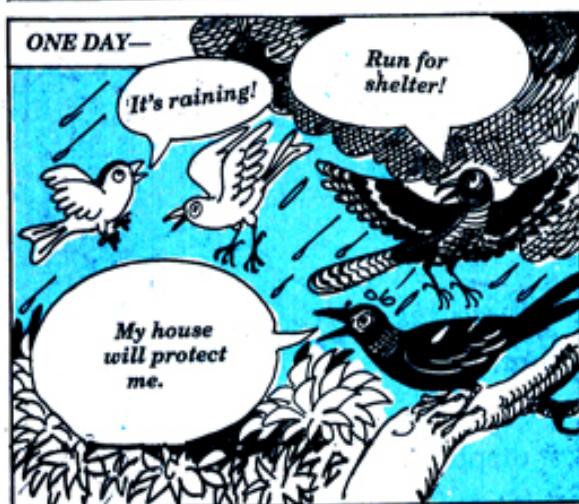








THE CROW OVERHEARD HER.



DID YOU KNOW?

..... that the first lift or elevator was installed at London by William Horner, in 1829? In 1853, Elisha Graves Otis demonstrated his safety elevator in New York. It was only in 1880 that the electric lift was introduced by the Siemens Company of Germany.



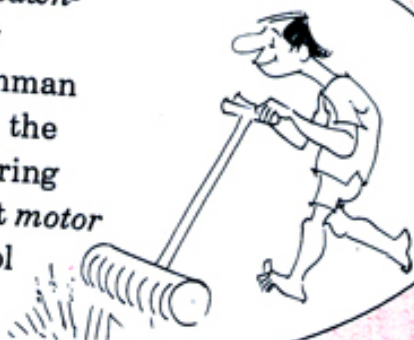
..... that the earliest record of fireworks dates from 12th-century China? They were used to frighten away evil spirits as well as enemies. Firework displays for entertainment were first given in 16th-century Italy.



..... that carbon paper was first invented in 1806 by Ralph Wedgewood, an Englishman? It was simply an 'inked' paper kept between two sheets that transferred the writing to the second sheet.



..... that the first practical *lawn-mover* was created by Edwin Budding, an Englishman in the year 1830? In 1897, the German motor-manufacturing company, Benz, made the first *motor lawn-mover* with a petrol engine.



..... that the first practical *diving suit*, was devised by an Englishman Andrew Becker, in 1715? It consisted of a waterproof leather suit and a metal helmet connected to pipes, through which air was pumped to the diver from the banks of the River Thames, where it was first demonstrated.



..... that when poison gas was first used in war during World War I, specially treated pads for the nose and mouth were invented as *gas masks* in 1915? It was only during World War II that *face-masks* connected to cannisters containing charcoal (to filter the poison gas) were devised in an easily wearable, comfortable apparatus.



Page 26

MISSING NUMBER

8

6. Team
7. Rear
8. Bale
9. Sitar
10. Taste

Page 28

ANAGRAM TEASERS!

1. Vase
2. Rose
3. Salt
4. Sole
5. Evil

TRAVEL TIME!

Rajdhani Express
Trivandrum Mail
Grand Trunk Express

Page 29

PICTURE MESSAGE

Smitha says, "I LOVE GOKULAM".

This is how you read her message. Take the first letter of the word the picture indicates and string them together to form the sentence.

MYSTERY MESSAGE

The old deserted house -
ten paces from the door -
turn 12° north-east -
reach an old oak tree -
hollow in the tree contains a chest -
in which are instructions for discovering treasure -
hidden in the haunted house.

THE PYTHON GIRL

A light breeze was ruffling the paddy field. It was a fine day, and the baby in the hammock was sound asleep.

Her mother, along with other women, was expertly cutting the paddy stalks with a sickle, without causing the grains to fall to the ground.

Her elder sister, a ten-year-old, also held a sickle, with which she playfully cut the tall grass.

The hammock the baby was sleeping in, was hanging from

the thick branch of a neem tree. It was a foot and half above the ground.

Unobserved by those around, danger lurked within the tall grass, in the form of a python!

Lying patiently, he was watching the slightest movement of the hammock with his mesmerising eyes that never closed.

His tongue flicked in and out continuously, and he moved slowly, centimeter by centimeter.

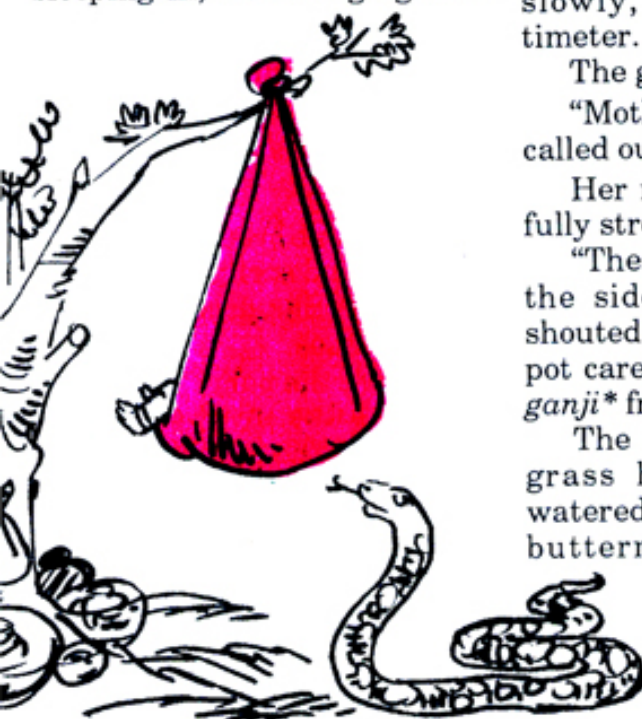
The girl was feeling thirsty.

"Mother, I am thirsty!" she called out aloud.

Her mother stood up, painfully stretching her stiff back.

"The mud pot is hanging by the side of the *thooli**,¹" she shouted back. "Take down the pot carefully and drink a little *ganji** from it."

The girl kicked at the cut grass happily. Her mouth watered. The rice gruel with buttermilk, salt and chilli



* The little cloth hammock in which the baby is asleep.

* Rice gruel.

added for taste, is the wholesome food of the poor. The girl rushed towards the tree.

Just then the python raised its head to grab the baby between its moveable jaws. (As soon as the python grabs its prey, its body will coil around it and crush it to death.)

The girl screamed. This alerted all the adults, but they stood helpless. They were too far off to rescue the baby. The mother, in her terror, swooned

into the arms of another woman.

The girl was the nearest to the *thooli* and her mother's plight drove her into a frenzy. She took a half step and a jump, and pounced straight at the python screaming all the time.

The python pulled back quickly and turned to the girl. But the girl was wielding her sickle blindly in a rage, and as the python's jaws were about to close upon her foot, the sharp blade of the sickle entered the neck of the reptile and severed it into two!

Even at the time of death, the body of the python flew into coils to encircle the girl. She became inert. The noise woke up the child and it began to cry shrilly.

The python's life ebbed away and the coils slowly loosened.

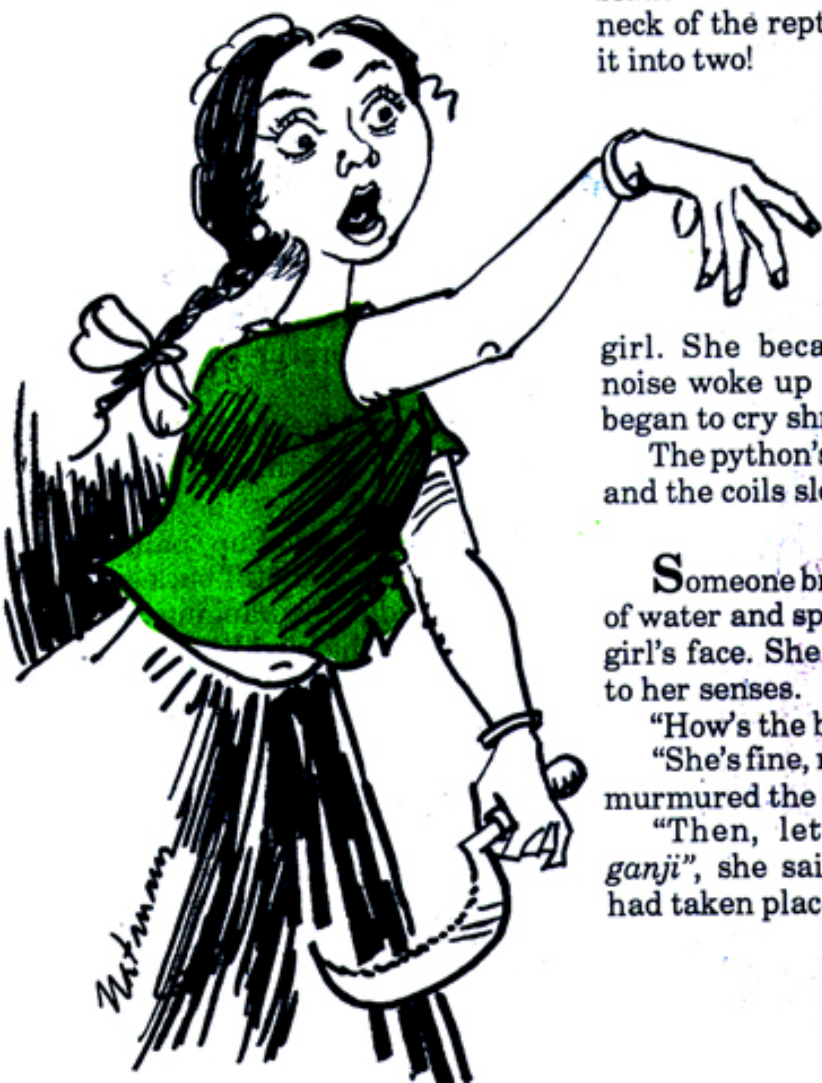
Someone brought a handful of water and sprinkled it on the girl's face. She gradually came to her senses.

"How's the baby?" she asked.

"She's fine, my Python-Girl", murmured the landlord.

"Then, let me drink my *ganji*", she said, as if nothing had taken place.

'KAILASH'.



COMPETITION

TRAVEL INTO FANTASY!

Write a travel-story and win a prize!

Supposing you were a dog or a cat or a horse, a villager or a salesman, and you were out on a journey, what adventures would you have?

IMAGINE YOU ARE SOMEONE OR SOMETHING ELSE AND DESCRIBE YOUR TRAVEL EXPERIENCES IN THAT FANTASY WORLD IN NOT MORE THAN 500 WORDS.



* THE THREE BEST ENTRIES WILL RECEIVE A PRIZE OF Rs. 25/- EACH.

* A SPECIAL PRIZE OF Rs. 50/- FOR THE FUNNIEST ENTRY!

* YOU CAN PARTICIPATE IN THIS COMPETITION IF YOU ARE IN THE AGE-GROUP OF 8-14 YEARS.

* Write your **NAME, AGE, ADDRESS AND SCHOOL** on your entry, and mark the envelope **TRAVEL INTO FANTASY**.



* It should reach us before October 15th, 1991.

* Send your entries to Editor, Gokulam (English), Race Course Road, Guindy, Madras - 600 032.

* The names of the prize-winners will be published in the December '91 issue of 'Gokulam'.

QUIZ

Here are some questions compiled by our readers that will make you think!

A group of you can get together, form two teams, have a quiz-master, and presto! You have a quiz-competition all by yourselves!

I

1. What was the full name of Brutus who lived during the time of Julius Caesar?

2. What was Aurangzeb's full name?

3. Which is the oldest metal discovered by man?

4. By what name was Patna known in early times?

**M. Suman, aged 12,
Madras - 600 004.**

II

1. What is the mascot for the U.S. National Army?

2. Who invented the diesel engine?

3. Who invented chewing gum?

**P. Rangaprabhu, aged 12,
Coimbatore - 641 002.**

III

1. Who wrote the book 'The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe'?

2. Which country is largest producer of Cocoa?

3. Which place is known as the 'Land of the Long White Cloud'?

**A. Prem Anand, aged 13,
Bombay - 400 064.**

IV

1. How many feathers are there on a standard shuttlecock?

2. In which sport does the winning team move backwards?

3. Who will possibly learn swimming faster — a person who is fat, or one who is thin?

4. Which country leads the inaugural ceremony of each Olympic Games?

**Mahesh C. Dixit,
Kalpakkam - 603 102.**

V

1. Which is the biggest mosque in India?
2. Which is the largest district in India?
3. Who was the first Governor-General of Pakistan?
4. Name the bird which never builds its nest?

Amit Chandrasekharan,
aged 12,
Jamnagar - 361 008.

VI

1. Which are the four titles one has to get to win the 'Grand Slam' in tennis?
2. Who were the three Indians who have so far won the Junior Wimbledon?
3. Name the person who won the 'Grand Slam' title in tennis twice?
4. From which country did cricket originate?
5. Who was the first Indian woman to swim across the English Channel?
6. Who was the first tennis player to win the Wimbledon Championship for five consecutive years?
7. Where will the 1996 Olympics be held?
8. What wood is used to make the cricket bat?
9. Who was the first Indian to win the World Billiards Trophy?

Rajathi James, aged 14,
Ooty - 643 004.

VII

1. Who was the first man to cross the Niagara falls on a tight-rope?
2. Name the oldest man to climb Mount Everest?
3. Who was the second man to set foot on the moon?
4. Who was the first Indian to win the Nobel prize?

R. Raghu, aged 14,
Pondicherry - 4.

VIII

Which is the —

- a. Land of the 'Golden Fleece'
- b. Land of the 'Midnight Sun'
- c. Land of 'Morning Calm'
- d. Land of a 'Thousand Lakes'
- e. Land of the 'Maple Leaf'

B. Balamuneeswaran,
aged 12,
Erode - 638 001.

IX

The Answers to this quiz will be in numbers!

1. How many holes exist in a golf course?
2. How many rooms exist in the White House in Washington?
3. How many squares are there on a chess board?

R. Vinod Krishna, aged 12,
Hyderabad - 500 042.

ANSWERS →

ANSWERS



I

1. Marcus Junius Brutus
2. Muhi-ud-din-Mohammad Aurangzeb Alamgir
3. Copper
4. Pataliputra

II

1. The Falcon
2. Rudolf Diesel
3. J. Curtis and T. Adams

III

1. Daniel Defoe
2. Ghana
3. New Zealand

IV

1. Sixteen
2. Tug-of-war
3. The fat person will learn swimming faster
4. Greece

V

1. Jama Masjid, Delhi
2. Ladakh (J&K)
3. Mohammed Ali Jinnah
4. Cuckoo

VI

1. The Wimbledon
The U.S. Open

The French Open and
The Australian Open

2. Ramanathan Krishnan
Ramesh Krishnan and
Leander Paes
3. Rod Laver
4. The United Kingdom
5. Arti Guha
6. Bjorn Borg
7. At Atlanta, U.S.A.
8. Wood of the Willow tree
9. Arthur Ashe

VII

1. Charles Blondin, on June
30, 1859
2. Richard Bass
3. Edwin Aldrin
4. Rabindranath Tagore

VIII

- a. Australia
- b. Norway
- c. Korea
- d. Finland
- e. Canada

IX

1. 18
2. 100
3. 64



Dead to Life!

A baby mouse and its mother once lived next-door to a cat. The wily cat was always trying to catch the young one and make a good meal of it.

But the Mother Mouse was always alert and warned her little one not to wander too far.

The cat finally got tired of waiting. So it made a plan. It lay down in the centre of its garden and pretended to be dead.

The young mouse saw the 'dead' cat and ran to tell its mother.

"Mummy, mummy! The cat

is dead!" it said. "Can I go out to play now?"

Mother Mouse's whiskers gave a twitch of alarm.

"Patience," said she.

She looked over her fence into the cat's garden and cried, "Oh, neighbour cat is dead! Look! That dog coming down the lane will surely eat him up now!"

Immediately the 'dead' cat was on its feet, and fled to the safety of its house.

Retold by S. Padmanabh,
aged 10,

Thane - 400 002.

MONSOON BLUES

It was a day in the month of June. A day I will never forget — a rainy day. A heavy sheet of rain was falling and the city of Bangalore was grey and wet. Dressed in a raincoat, I stepped out of my house. It was already late for school. I got on to my 'cycle and set-off.

Rain lashed at me and I had to wipe my face frequently. I could hardly see the road in front of me.

My hands kept slipping from the handlebars, but I held on to them as tightly as I could.

Then all sorts of things began to happen. I turned at the corner of the street when the tyres slipped on some loose wet mud. I fell down, but I got up, and picked up my 'cycle. I was about to start when a car turned round the corner, splashing water on me. The raincoat was now very muddy.

I rode on till I came to a puddle. It was deep, and had pebbles in it. But how was I to

know that? I cycled through it—and of course, fell right into it! Water seeped into my raincoat, made my uniform wet, and drenched my bag. People on the road turned to stare at me.

I rode on, and I came to a busy road. To avoid the big vehicles I turned to the extreme left, and rode right into a thick, layer of mud. The wheels of my 'cycle got stuck and I fell down. The mud splashed all over my raincoat. I looked at my watch.



I was going to be very late for school.

At last! School. I parked the 'cycle and went into class. As soon as I entered, all my classmates roared with laughter. I must have been a funny sight! I took the bag off my shoulder and kept it on the chair. I then took off my raincoat. It was very muddy. I folded it and kept it inside my desk. The rain had stopped by then. I went outside to drain off the water in my shoes. Then I found that water was dripping off my soaked tie.

The bell rang and I went down for assembly. After assembly, as I was going to the class, the prefects caught me for the dirty uniform and made me kneel down. After fifteen minutes spent that way, they sent me to class. As soon as I entered, my class-mates again roared with laughter.

Every teacher who saw me laughed and asked me about my dirty uniform. My classmates continued to giggle, and I felt very embarrassed. (From that day onwards, I was nicknamed 'The Dirty Pig'.)

I thought — I could have enjoyed the rain, watching people running helter-skelter through the window in my house, had I not come to school.



Smith : Waiter, this egg is bad!

Waiter : Don't blame me, I only laid the table!

**Nivedita Sridhar, aged 13,
Madras - 600 034.**

The teacher noticed that I was day-dreaming. She sent me out of class. I felt very relieved for I wanted to be left alone.

As I walked away from class, whom did I meet but the headmaster, who again lectured to me on neatness and concentrating in class.

By the end of the day, I was the talk of the school.

When the bell rang, and it was time to go home, I picked up my bag and went to the 'cycle-park. Immersed in my unhappy thoughts — I slipped — and fell! As a roar of laughter rose around me I thought — monsoon blues! Will I ever enjoy a rainy day again?

**S. Arun, aged 12,
Bangalore - 560 008.**

WORLD EVENTS!



The 1991 World Development Report published by the World Bank stated that the world spends 1,000 billion dollars on military expenses each year.

A statue of Mahatma Gandhi is to be erected in the Natal city of Pietermaritzburg in South Africa where he was kicked off a train on June 7th, 1893. People have been donating liberally.

The statue will be unveiled on June 7th, 1993 which will mark the centenary of Gandhi's encounter with 'apartheid', when he was kicked out of the first class compartment of a train!



The San Diego Zoo in the U.S. houses a snake which has two heads, that are perfectly alike. The heads are attached to one body with a single spine and one set of internal organs!



A calamity in the form of cockroaches hit Stockholm, the capital of Sweden about a month ago! The repulsive insects had always been found in small numbers in the city. But all of a sudden, people discovered the numbers had increased to an alarming degree.



WHEN **ILLITERACY IS** MADNESS!

I stood at the bus-stand at 7.00 a.m. waiting for the bus that would take me to my village.

At 7.25, I was inside the bus, safe in the front seat. The bus began to fill, and a girl of my age, sat next to me. Most of the passengers were villagers with baskets of vegetables and milk-cans, and they made a lot of noise as they settled down.

Having eaten his breakfast, the conductor, slowly chewing *paan*, came to collect the bus-fare and distribute tickets.

Suddenly I found myself being pushed to the corner in a tight squeeze, as a woman with a large basket of vegetables sat on our seat. A few other women with baskets too got into the bus. Some of them paid the bus-fare to the conductor, but he did not give them tickets. They also did not ask him for it. At last the bus began to move.

It was an 'Express' bus. But it halted at nearly every

stop on the way. After we had travelled about 12 kms, the bus stopped. We had entered a village. People got down from the bus — some got in. The driver, with a cigarette between his fingers, changed gears, when suddenly a commotion arose right behind me. I turned. Some people were shouting at a village woman.

"She wanted us to tell her when her village comes," one shouted.

"Now she refuses to get down! This is the village!" screamed another.

"She says this is her second visit to the village," shouted somebody.

"And she refuses to get down because she has not seen any familiar landmarks!" said another.



**A
TRUE
INCIDENT**

"Must be mad," whispered somebody, loudly. The woman did not know what
And so the arguments con-



was happening.

Finally, she was made to get down from the bus. She watched bewildered as the bus started and went on its slow way forward.

What should have been a journey of 45 minutes took one

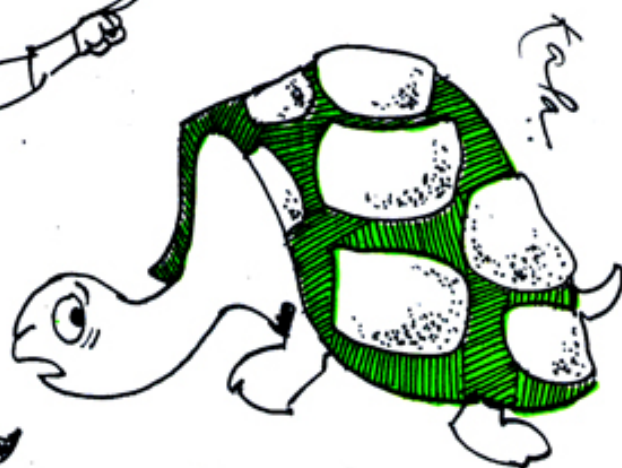
and a half hours! But that hardly mattered. I could still see the face of that illiterate woman—how they had forced her out of the bus without a gentle word of explanation.

**S. Vijayalaxmi, aged 15,
Raichur - 584 101.**

MIATB

Kannan has won in a kite-fight, but the string of his kite got entangled with the others. Can you help him pick the correct roll of string?





Many, many years ago in Greece, the king of gods, Zeus, invited all animals to his wedding feast.

All the animals except the tortoise attended the feast. Zeus was displeased and he visited the tortoise the next day.

"Why did you stay away?" he asked.

"There is no place like home!" replied the tortoise.

"Then may you always carry your home with you!" cursed Zeus.

And that's why the tortoise carries his shell with him

Why the tortoise carries its shell...

wherever he goes.

**Harish Raman,
Miraj - 416 410**

Dear Harish,

You have not given your complete address. Please send it to us.

Ed.



Suresh : Sir, I want a book with a mystery ending.

Librarian : How about this one - the last chapter has been torn out....

**M. Chaarulatha, aged 10,
Madras - 600 041.**

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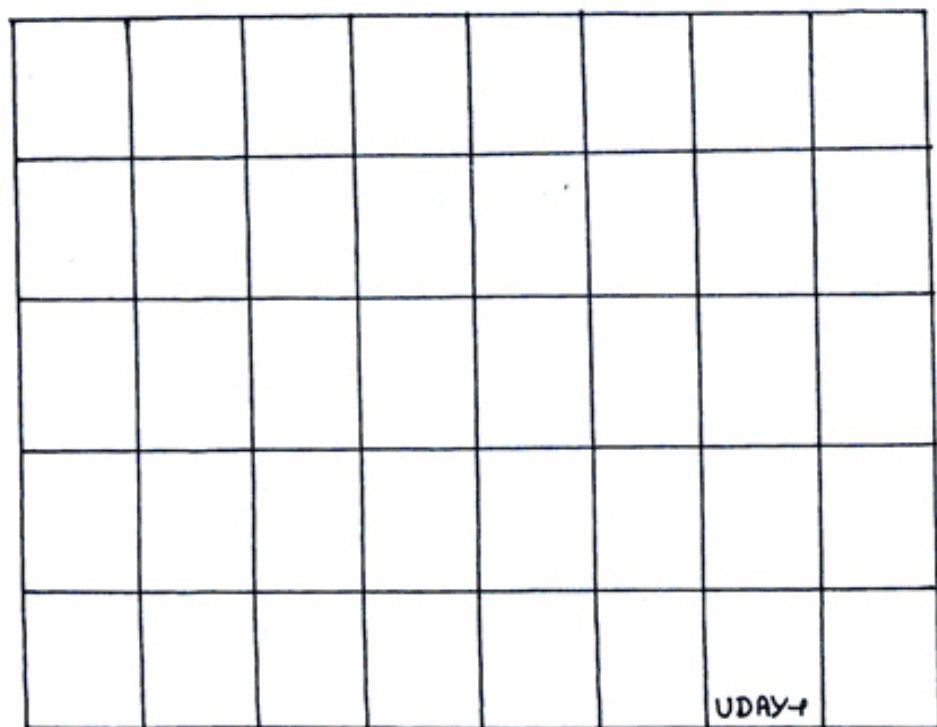
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